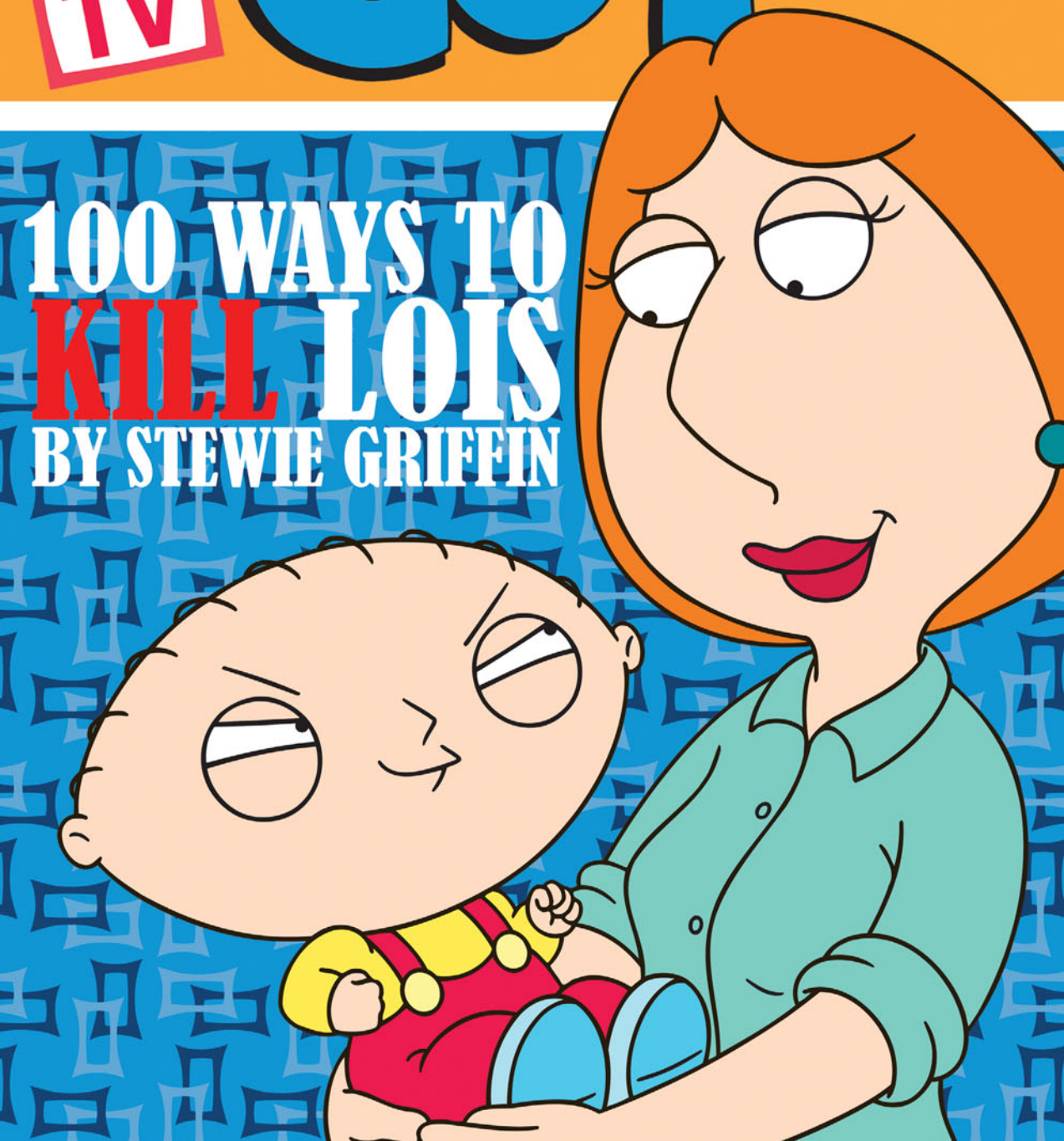
FAMILY GUY™

AS SEEN ON TV

100 WAYS TO KILL LOIS

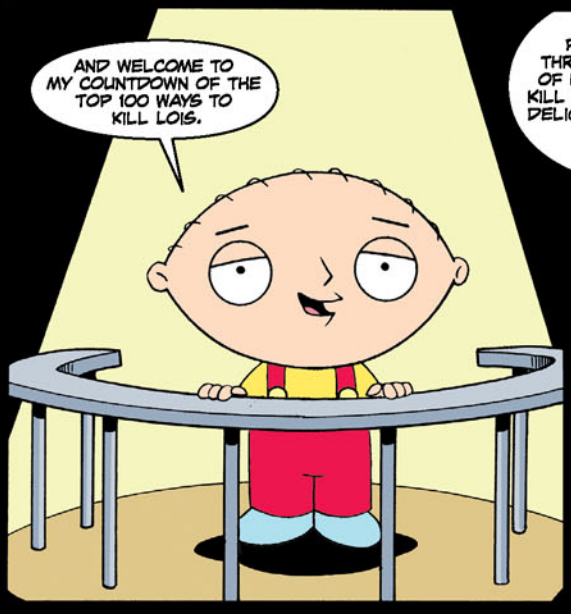
BY STEWIE GRIFFIN

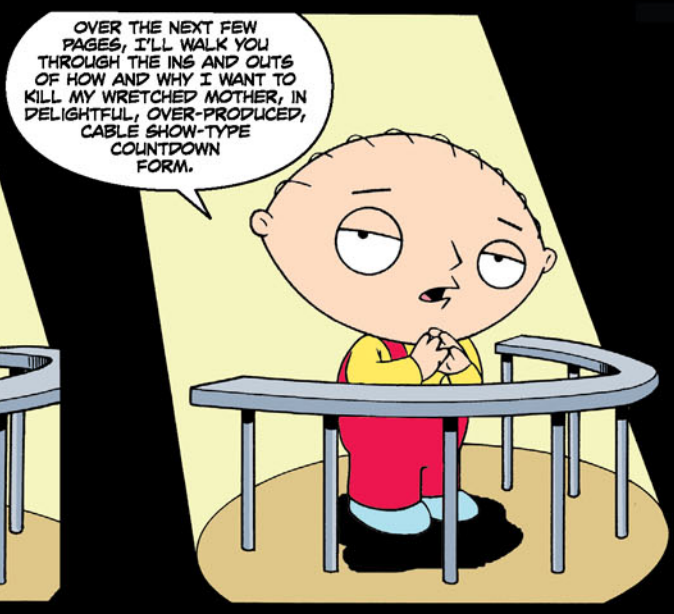


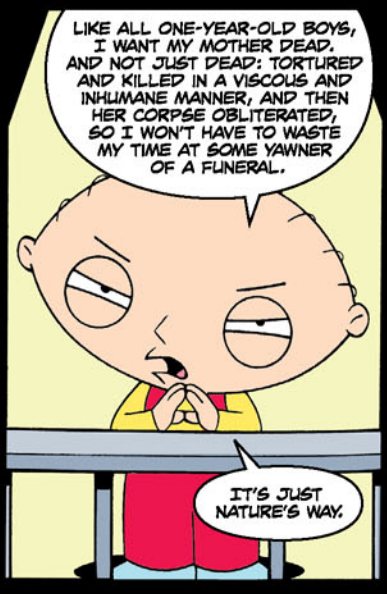
20TH CENTURY FOX & DEVIL'S DUE PUBLISHING PRESENT

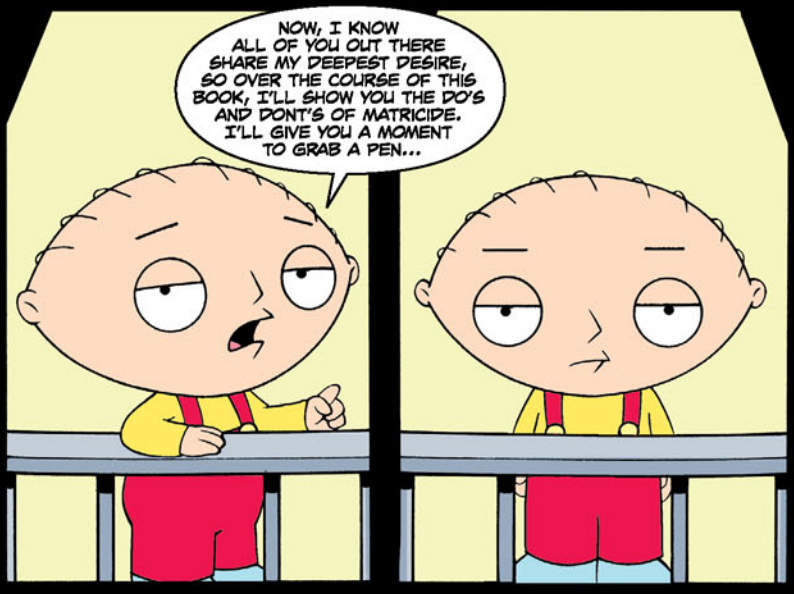
100 WAYS TO KILL LOIS

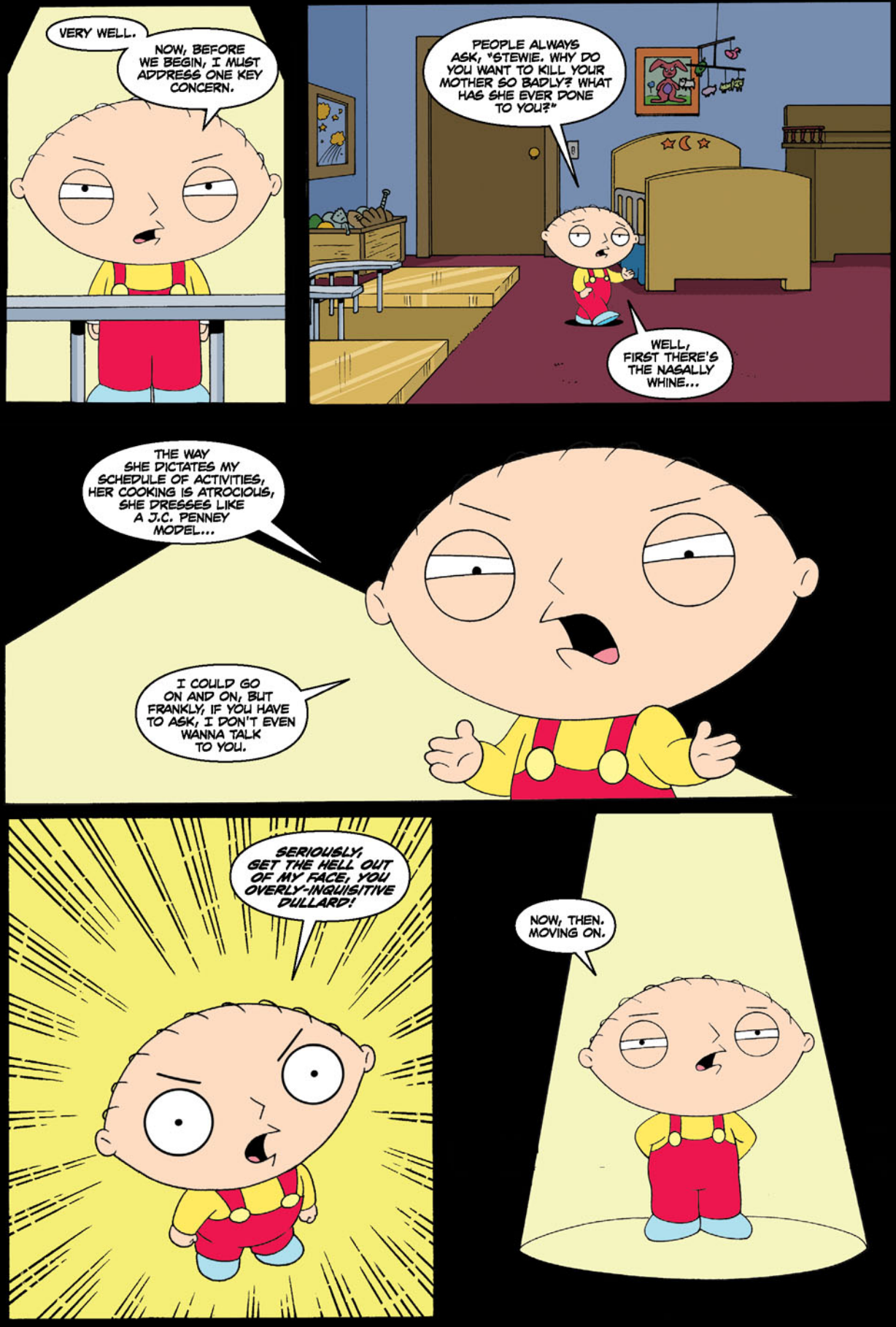
HOSTED BY STEWIE GRIFFIN




OVER THE NEXT FEW PAGES, I'LL WALK YOU THROUGH THE INS AND OUTS OF HOW AND WHY I WANT TO KILL MY WRETCHED MOTHER, IN DELIGHTFUL, OVER-PRODUCED, CABLE SHOW-TYPE COUNTDOWN FORM.


LIKE ALL ONE-YEAR-OLD BOYS, I WANT MY MOTHER DEAD. AND NOT JUST DEAD: TORTURED AND KILLED IN A VISCOUS AND INHUMANE MANNER, AND THEN HER CORPSE OBLITERATED, SO I WON'T HAVE TO WASTE MY TIME AT SOME YAWNER OF A FUNERAL.
IT'S JUST NATURE'S WAY.


NOW, I KNOW ALL OF YOU OUT THERE SHARE MY DEEPEST DESIRE; SO OVER THE COURSE OF THIS BOOK, I'LL SHOW YOU THE DO'S AND DONT'S OF MATRICIDE. I'LL GIVE YOU A MOMENT TO GRAB A PEN...


VERY WELL.
NOW, BEFORE WE BEGIN, I MUST ADDRESS ONE KEY CONCERN.
PEOPLE ALWAYS ASK, "STEWIE. WHY DO YOU WANT TO KILL YOUR MOTHER SO BADLY? WHAT HAS SHE EVER DONE TO YOU?"
WELL, FIRST THERE'S THE NASALLY WHINE...
THE WAY SHE DICTATES MY SCHEDULE OF ACTIVITIES, HER COOKING IS ATROCIOUS, SHE DRESSES LIKE A J.C. PENNEY MODEL...
I COULD GO ON AND ON, BUT FRANKLY, IF YOU HAVE TO ASK, I DON'T EVEN WANNA TALK TO YOU.
SERIOUSLY, GET THE HELL OUT OF MY FACE, YOU OVERLY-INQUISITIVE DULLARD!
NOW, THEN. MOVING ON.

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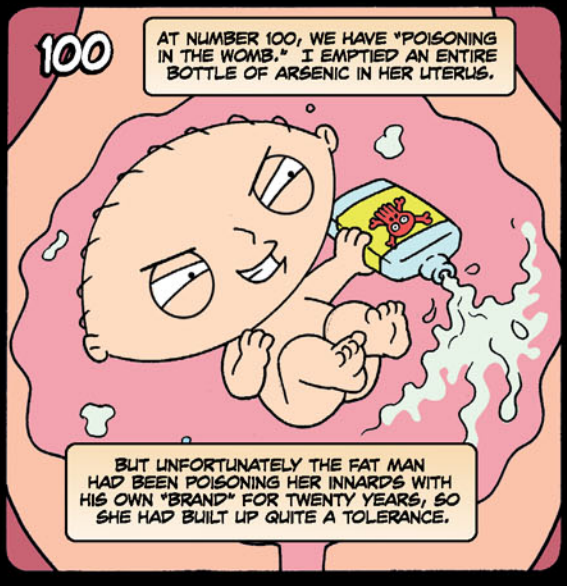
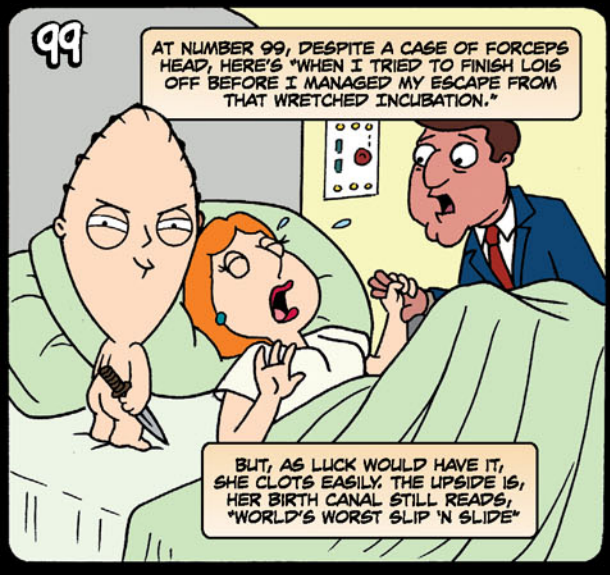
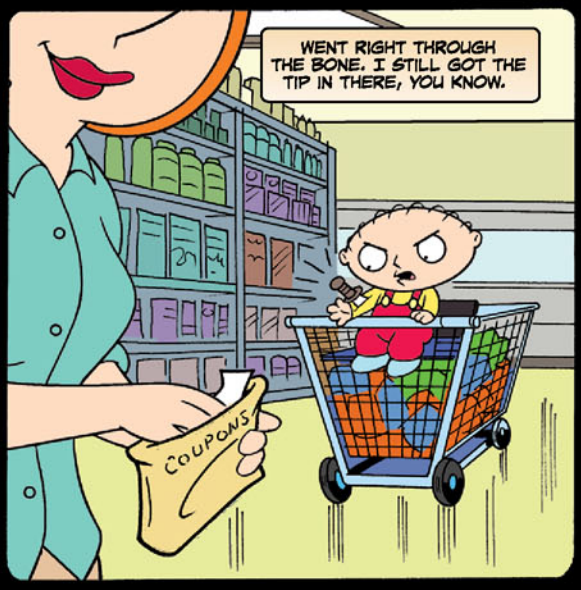
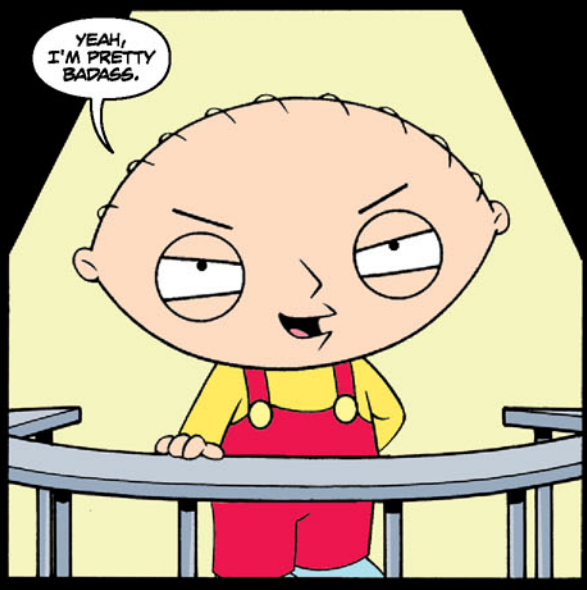
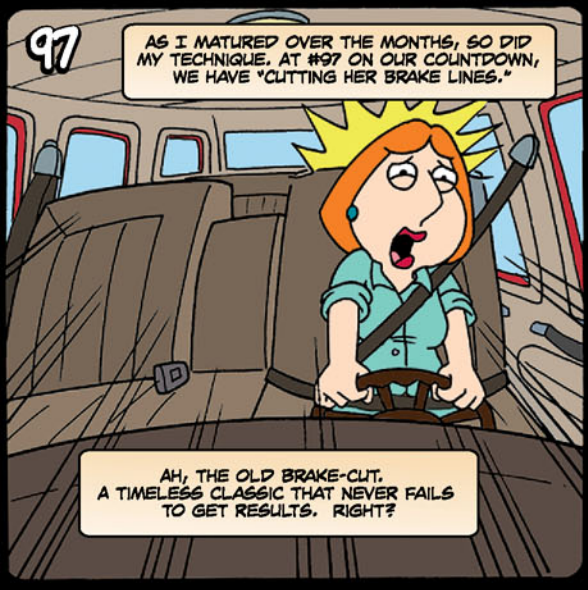

100
AT NUMBER 100, WE HAVE "POISONING IN THE WOMB." I EMPTIED AN ENTIRE BOTTLE OF ARSENIC IN HER UTERUS.
BUT UNFORTUNATELY THE FAT MAN HAD BEEN POISONING HER INNARDS WITH HIS OWN "BRAND" FOR TWENTY YEARS, SO SHE HAD BUILT UP QUITE A TOLERANCE.


99
AT NUMBER 99, DESPITE A CASE OF FORCEPS HEAD, HERE'S "WHEN I TRIED TO FINISH LOIS OFF BEFORE I MANAGED MY ESCAPE FROM THAT WRETCHED INCUBATION."
BUT, AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT, SHE CLOTS EASILY. THE UPSIDE IS, HER BIRTH CANAL STILL READS, "WORLD'S WORST SLIP 'N SLIDE"

98
COMING IN AT #98 IS "MY FIRST AIR-BREATHING ATTEMPT." MY GOD, LOOK AT HOW YOUNG I AM!
OH, I FORGOT ABOUT THAT SLING SHOT. VERY "DENNIS THE MENACE CHIC." FEEL FREE TO CONSULT YOUR PARENTS OR NEAREST OLD PERSON REGARDING THIS REFERENCE.


WENT RIGHT THROUGH THE BONE. I STILL GOT THE TIP IN THERE, YOU KNOW.
COUPONS

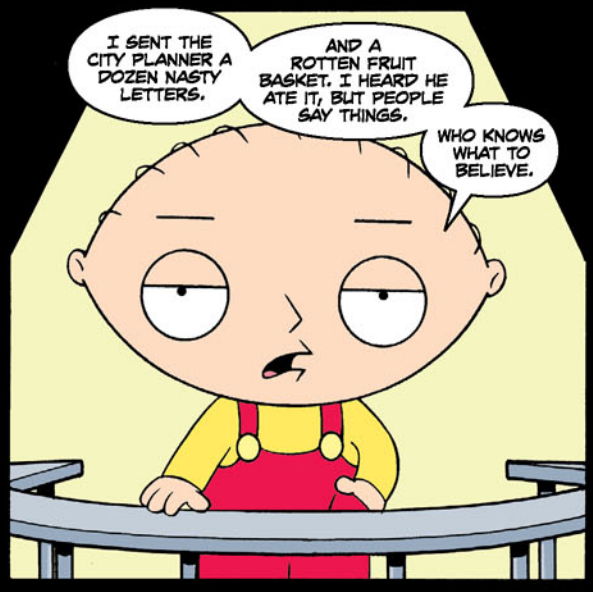

YEAH, I'M PRETTY BADASS.


97
AS I MATURED OVER THE MONTHS, SO DID MY TECHNIQUE. AT #97 ON OUR COUNTDOWN, WE HAVE "CUTTING HER BRAKE LINES."
AH, THE OLD BRAKE-CUT. A TIMELESS CLASSIC THAT NEVER FAILS TO GET RESULTS. RIGHT?

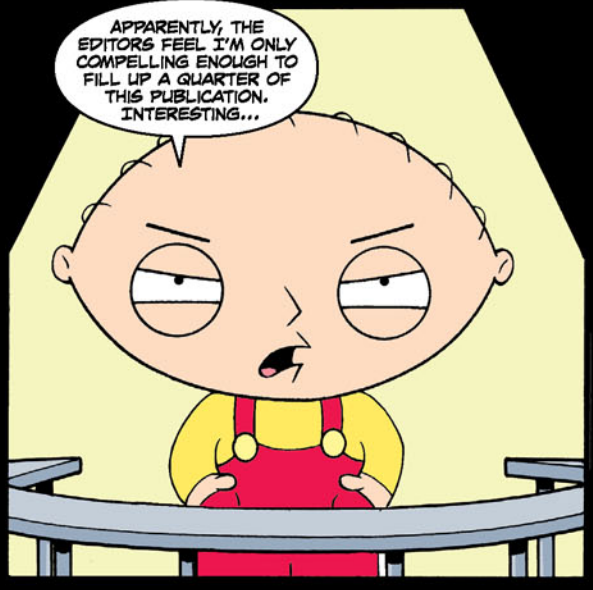
SHE LOOKS SUFFICIENTLY TERRIFIED, CERTAIN DEATH IMMINENT... OFF TO A GREAT START...

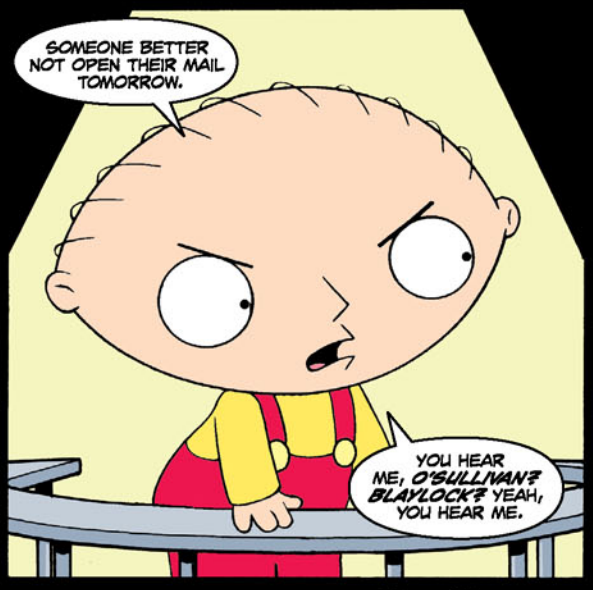
THINGS STARTING TO NOT LOOK SO GOOD FOR OLD STEWIE, GETTING A LITTLE WORRIED...

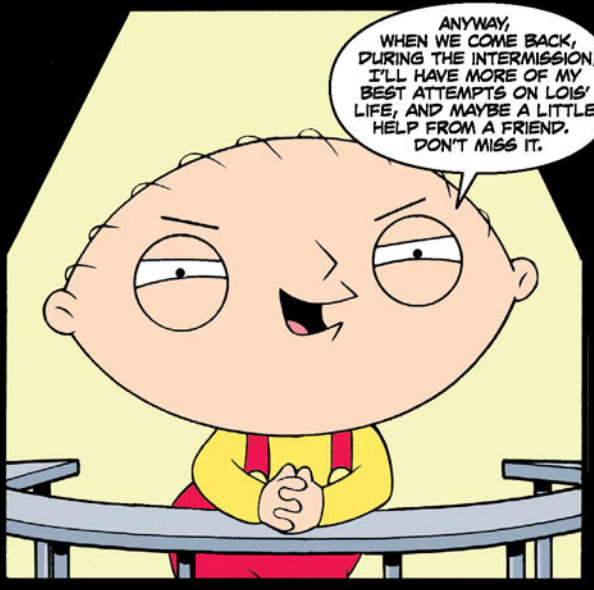
AND, THERE IT IS.

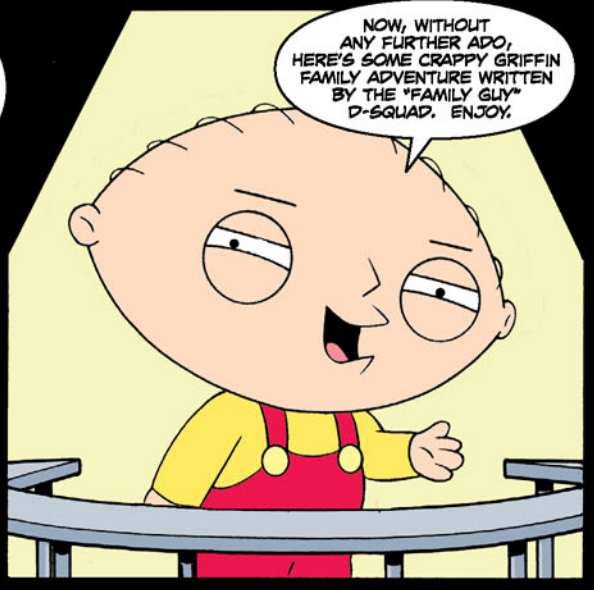

I SENT THE CITY PLANNER A DOZEN NASTY LETTERS.
AND A ROTTEN FRUIT BASKET. I HEARD HE ATE IT, BUT PEOPLE SAY THINGS.
WHO KNOWS WHAT TO BELIEVE.

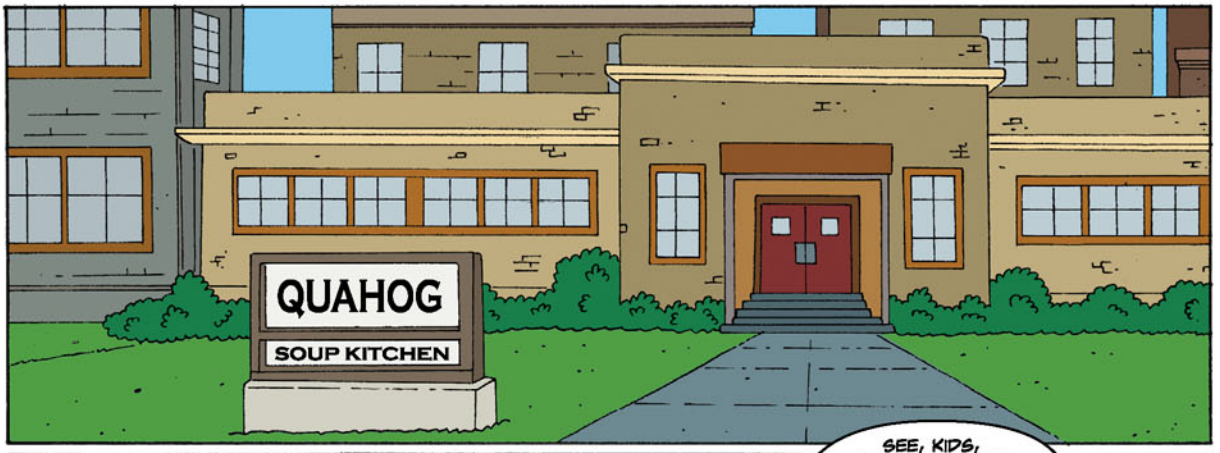
WHAT'S THAT...? OH, YES.
WELL, GANG, LOOKS LIKE WE HAVE TO GET THIS "COMIC BOOK" ROLLING.

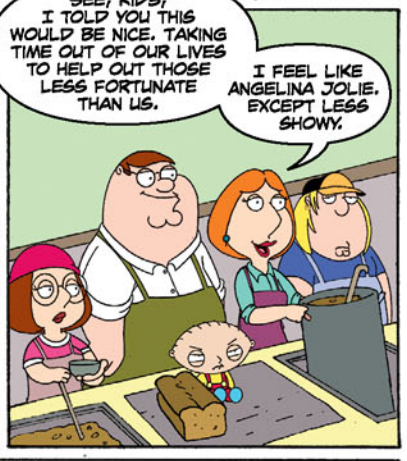

APPARENTLY, THE EDITORS FEEL I'M ONLY COMPELLING ENOUGH TO FILL UP A QUARTER OF THIS PUBLICATION. INTERESTING...

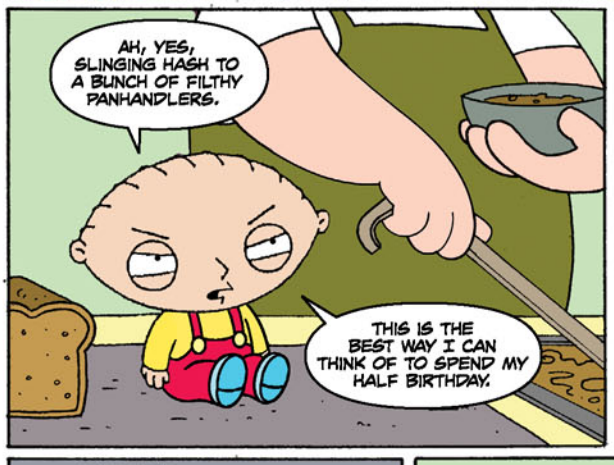

SOMEONE BETTER NOT OPEN THEIR MAIL TOMORROW.
YOU HEAR ME, O'SULLIVAN? BLAYLOCK? YEAH, YOU HEAR ME.

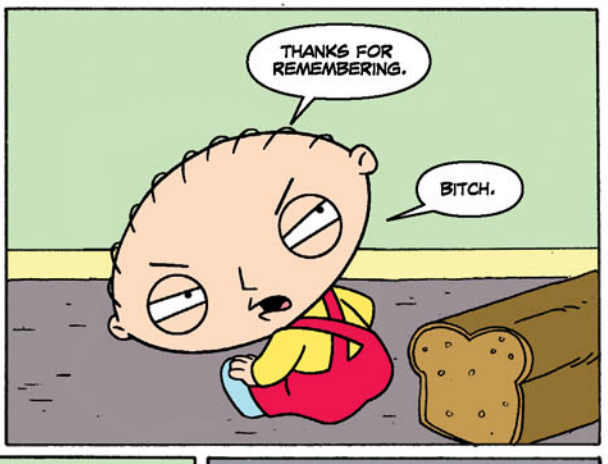

ANYWAY, WHEN WE COME BACK, DURING THE INTERMISSION, I'LL HAVE MORE OF MY BEST ATTEMPTS ON LOIS' LIFE, AND MAYBE A LITTLE HELP FROM A FRIEND. DON'T MISS IT.


NOW, WITHOUT ANY FURTHER ADO, HERE'S SOME CRAPPY GRIFFIN FAMILY ADVENTURE WRITTEN BY THE "FAMILY GUY" D-SQUAD. ENJOY.


QUAHOG
SOUP KITCHEN


SEE, KIDS, I TOLD YOU THIS WOULD BE NICE. TAKING TIME OUT OF OUR LIVES TO HELP OUT THOSE LESS FORTUNATE THAN US.
I FEEL LIKE ANGELINA JOLIE. EXCEPT LESS SHOWY.

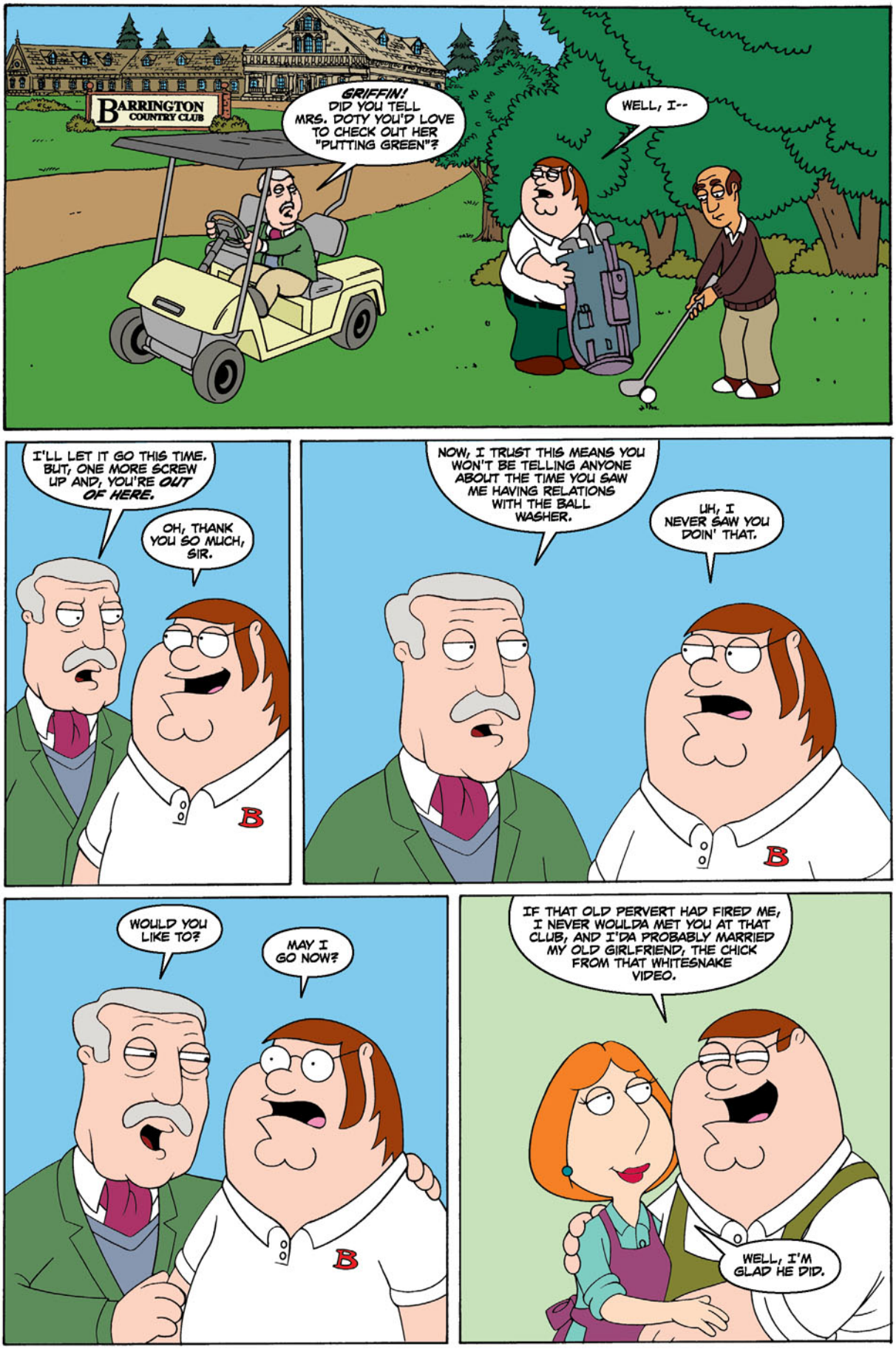

AH, YES, SLINGING HASH TO A BUNCH OF FILTHY PANHANDLERS.
THIS IS THE BEST WAY I CAN THINK OF TO SPEND MY HALF BIRTHDAY.

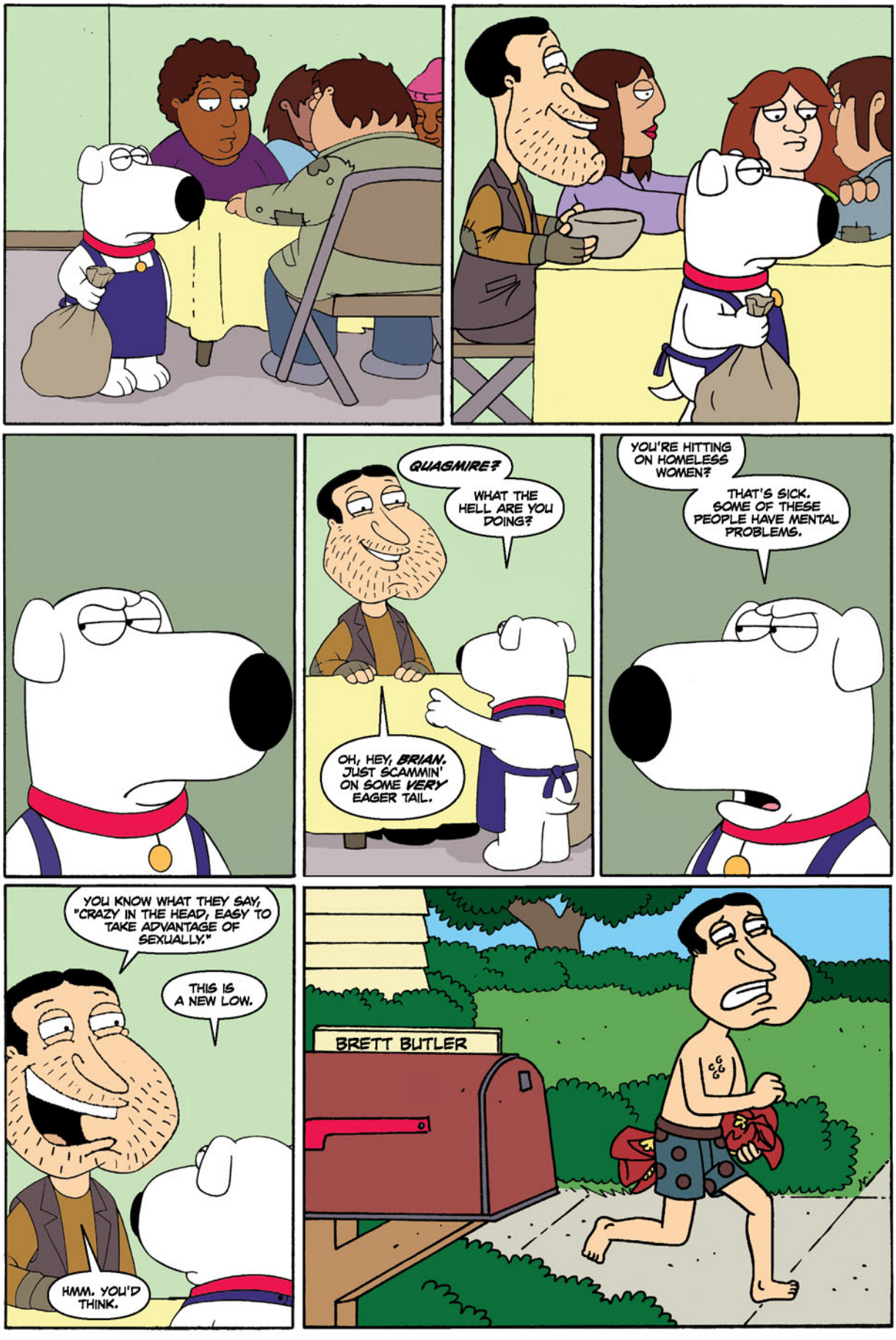

THANKS FOR REMEMBERING.
BITCH.

YOU KNOW, I'M GLAD YOU MADE ME DO THIS, LOIS.
YOU WERE RIGHT, IT DOES FEEL GOOD TO GIVE BACK.

OH, PETER, I'M SO GLAD YOU SAY THAT!

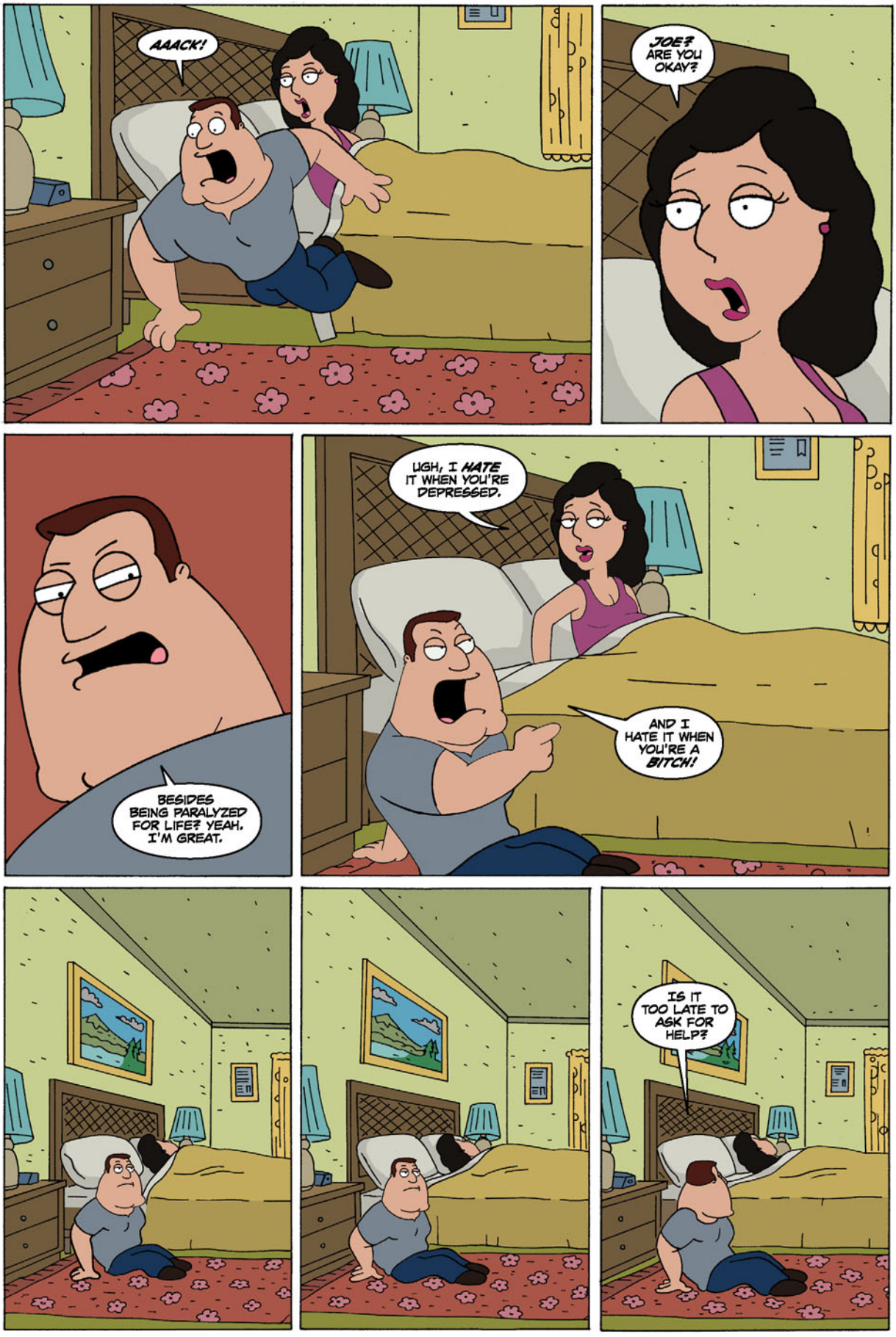
YEAH, AND WHO KNOWS, MAYBE I CAN HELP SOMEONE GET A SECOND CHANCE, JUST LIKE THAT GUY GAVE ME WHEN I WAS YOUNGER.

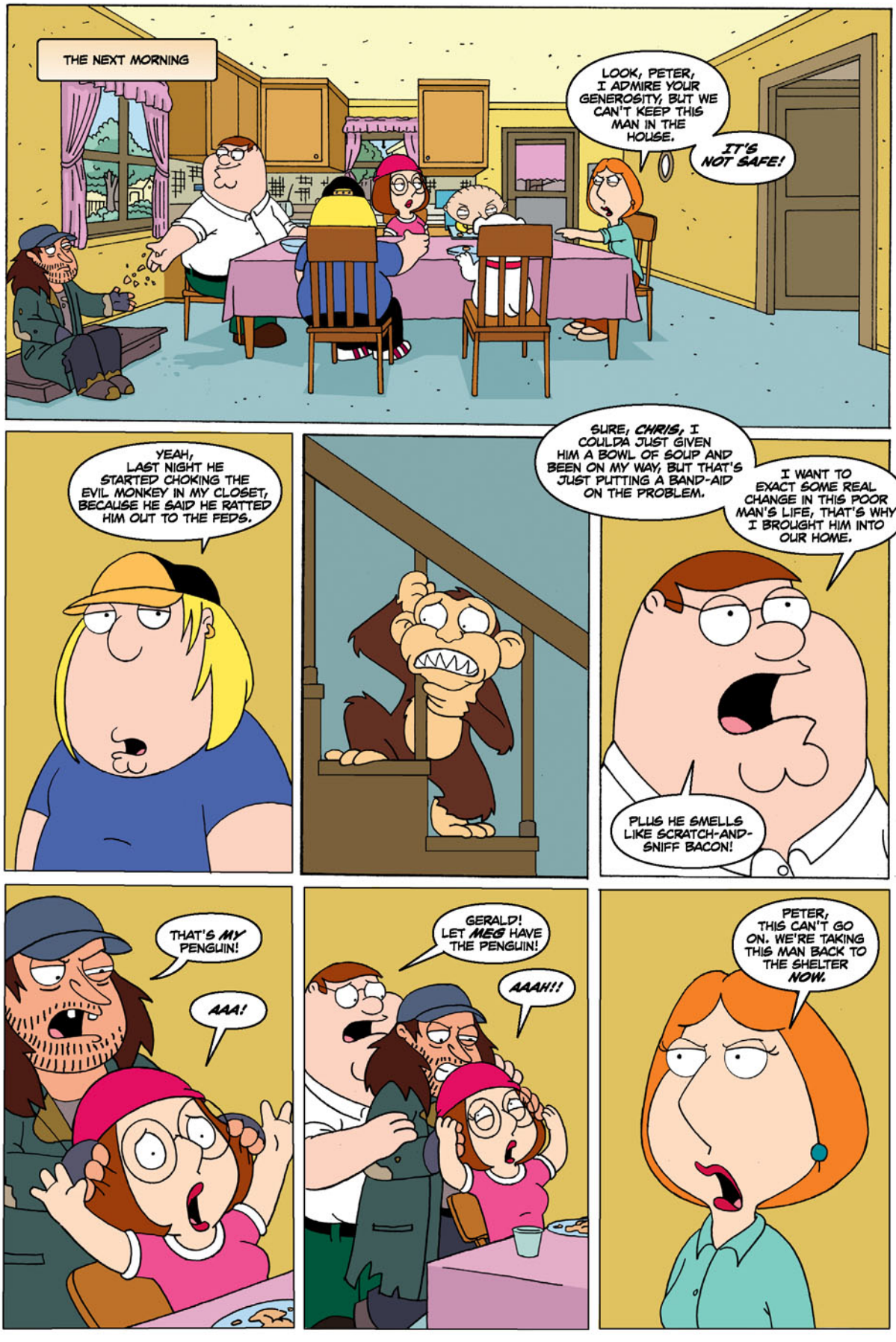

BARRINGTON COUNTRY CLUB
GRIFFIN! DID YOU TELL MRS. DOTY YOU'D LOVE TO CHECK OUT HER "PUTTING GREEN"?
WELL, I--
I'LL LET IT GO THIS TIME. BUT, ONE MORE SCREW UP AND, YOU'RE OUT OF HERE.
OH, THANK YOU SO MUCH, SIR.
NOW, I TRUST THIS MEANS YOU WON'T BE TELLING ANYONE ABOUT THE TIME YOU SAW ME HAVING RELATIONS WITH THE BALL WASHER.
UH, I NEVER SAW YOU DOIN' THAT.
WOULD YOU LIKE TO?
MAY I GO NOW?
IF THAT OLD PERVERT HAD FIRED ME, I NEVER WOULDA MET YOU AT THAT CLUB, AND I'DA PROBABLY MARRIED MY OLD GIRLFRIEND, THE CHICK FROM THAT WHITESNAKE VIDEO.
WELL, I'M GLAD HE DID.

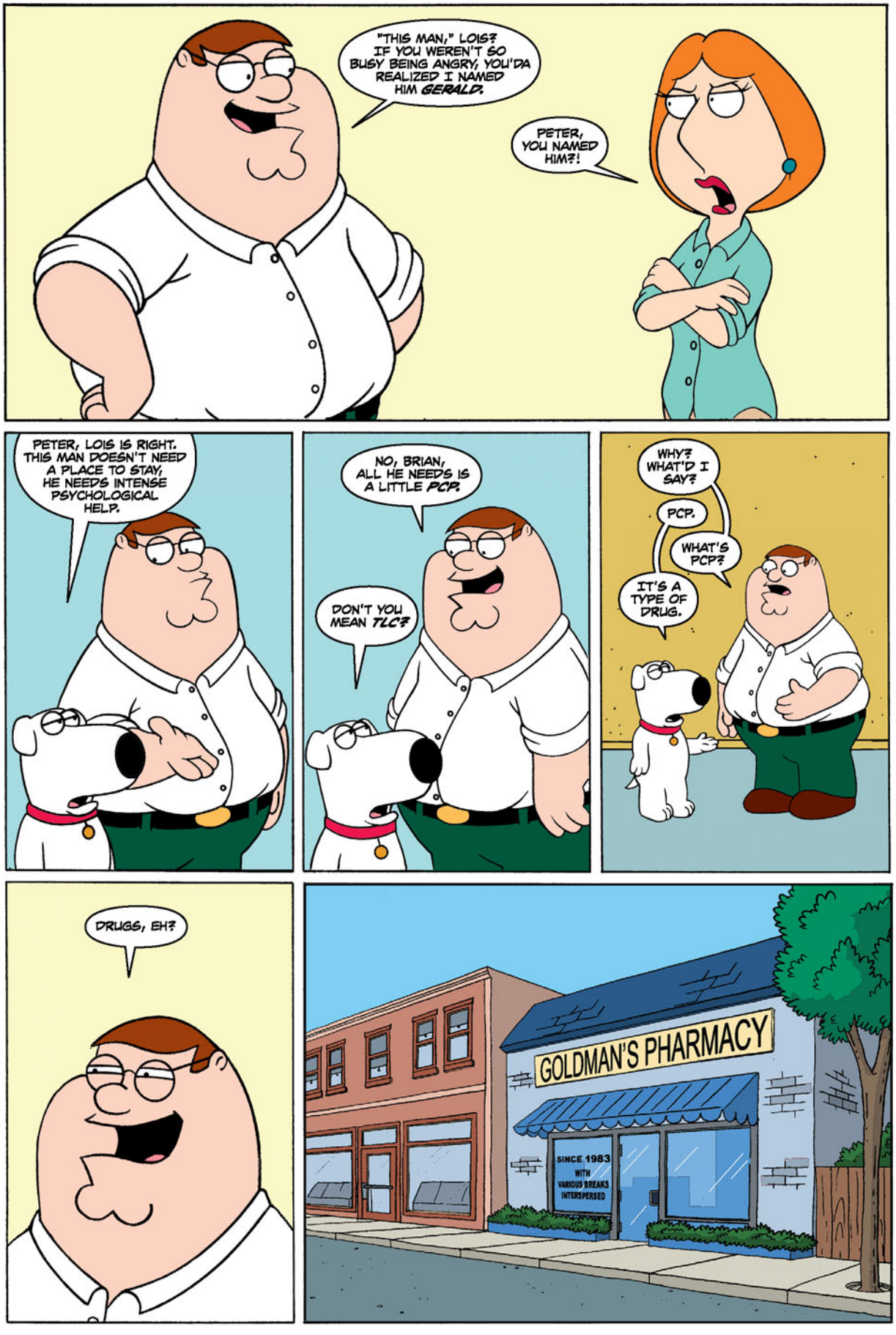

QUAGMIRE?
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?
OH, HEY, BRIAN. JUST SCAMMIN' ON SOME VERY EAGER TAIL.
YOU'RE HITTING ON HOMELESS WOMEN?
THAT'S SICK. SOME OF THESE PEOPLE HAVE MENTAL PROBLEMS.
YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY, "CRAZY IN THE HEAD, EASY TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF SEXUALLY."
THIS IS A NEW LOW.
HMM. YOU'D THINK.
BRETT BUTLER

AAAAH!
WHOA, I-IT'S OKAY, FELLA, IT'S OKAY.
...THERE IS NO WAY DONNA GAVE THAT TO YOU!
I'M JUST TAKING OUT THE GARBAGE.
ARE YOU HUNGRY? YOU WANT A BISCUIT?
I TOLD HIM MY TOES WERE BROKE!
I BET YA DID.
THAT'S IT, BIG GUY. FILL YOUR FILTHY TUMMY.
MAN, IT'S COLD! YOU CAN'T SLEEP OUT HERE TONIGHT, YOU'LL CATCH YOUR DEATH.
HMMMMMM...
SO, YOU EVER BEEN PEED ON?

MMM?
AAA!
AAA!
AIEEEE!
HUH?
WHA?!

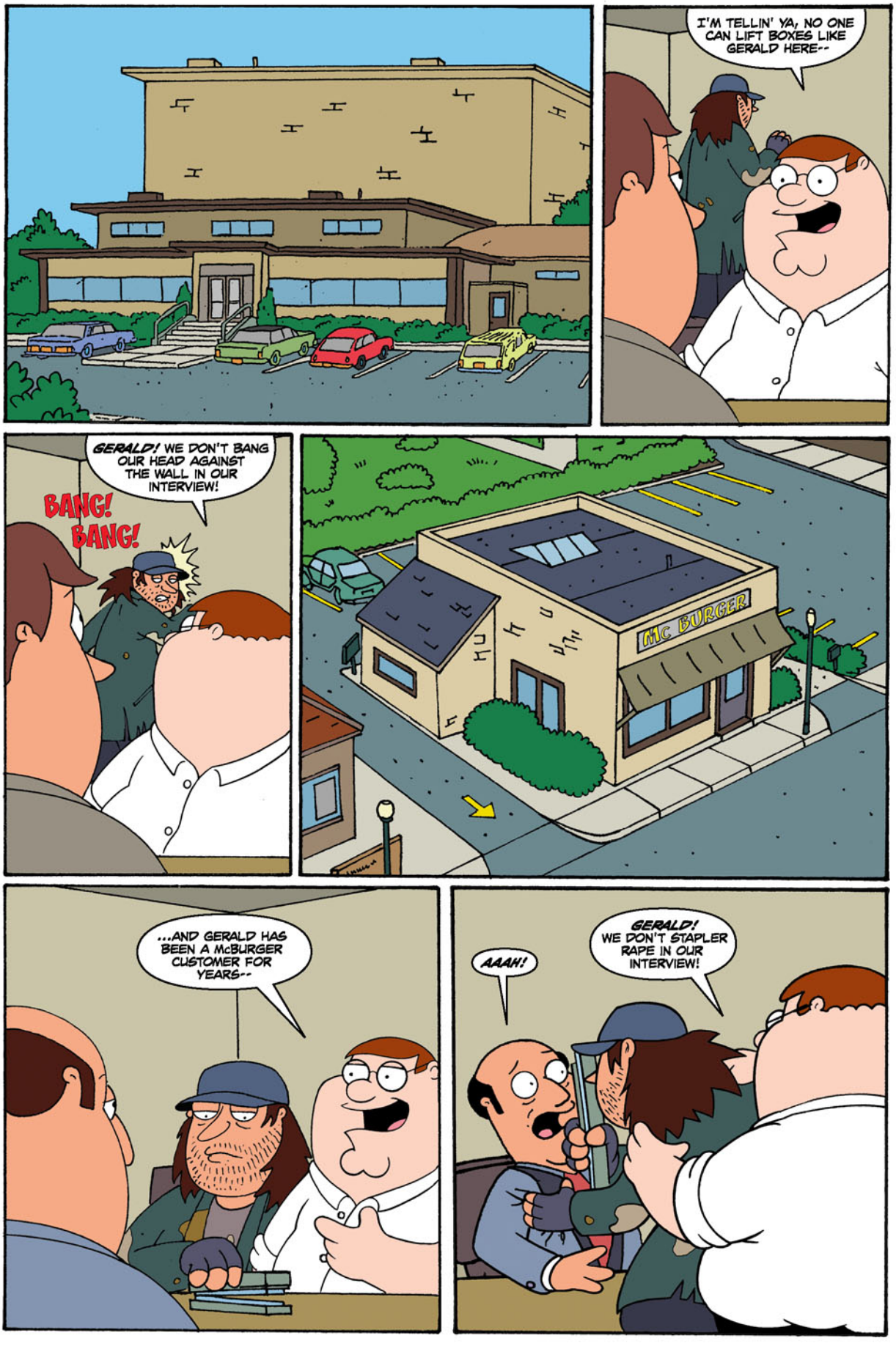

AAACK!
JOE? ARE YOU OKAY?
BESIDES BEING PARALYZED FOR LIFE? YEAH. I'M GREAT.
UGH, I HATE IT WHEN YOU'RE DEPRESSED.
AND I HATE IT WHEN YOU'RE A BITCH!
IS IT TOO LATE TO ASK FOR HELP?


THE NEXT MORNING
LOOK, PETER, I ADMIRE YOUR GENEROSITY, BUT WE CAN'T KEEP THIS MAN IN THE HOUSE.
IT'S NOT SAFE!
YEAH, LAST NIGHT HE STARTED CHOKING THE EVIL MONKEY IN MY CLOSET, BECAUSE HE SAID HE RATTED HIM OUT TO THE FEDS.
SURE, CHRIS, I COULDA JUST GIVEN HIM A BOWL OF SOUP AND BEEN ON MY WAY, BUT THAT'S JUST PUTTING A BAND-AID ON THE PROBLEM.
I WANT TO EXACT SOME REAL CHANGE IN THIS POOR MAN'S LIFE, THAT'S WHY I BROUGHT HIM INTO OUR HOME.
PLUS HE SMELLS LIKE SCRATCH-AND-SNIFF BACON!
THAT'S MY PENGUIN!
AAA!
GERALD! LET MEG HAVE THE PENGUIN!
AAAH!!
PETER, THIS CAN'T GO ON. WE'RE TAKING THIS MAN BACK TO THE SHELTER NOW.


"THIS MAN," LOIS? IF YOU WEREN'T SO BUSY BEING ANGRY, YOU'DA REALIZED I NAMED HIM GERALD.
PETER, YOU NAMED HIM?!
PETER, LOIS IS RIGHT. THIS MAN DOESN'T NEED A PLACE TO STAY, HE NEEDS INTENSE PSYCHOLOGICAL HELP.
NO, BRIAN, ALL HE NEEDS IS A LITTLE PCP.
DON'T YOU MEAN TLC?
WHY? WHAT'D I SAY?
PCP.
WHAT'S PCP?
IT'S A TYPE OF DRUG.
DRUGS, EH?
GOLDMAN'S PHARMACY
SINCE 1983
WITH VARIOUS BREAKS INTERSPERSED

HEY, THERE, MORT.
HIYA, PETER. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YA?
I NEED A FAVOR. I'M TRYIN' TO HELP THIS CRAZY HOMELESS GUY HERE GET BACK ON HIS FEET. CAN YOU HELP HIM WITH SOME DRUGS?
PETER, I CAN'T JUST HAND OUT PRESCRIPTION DRUGS. THAT'S ILLEGAL.
COME ON, MORT, DON'TCHA GOT ANY EXPIRED DRUGS YOU'RE JUST GONNA THROW AWAY?
I'M SORRY, PETER.
GOOD DAY, CHEMIST. I'M HERE TO PICK UP MY MEDICINES.
WHOA, THAT'S A LOTTA DRUGS.
IS THAT A COME ON?
YOU, UH, LOOKIN' TO UNLOAD SOME OF THOSE?
I MAY BE WILLING... FOR A PRICE.
I'LL TRADE YOU FOR THIS BIT O' HONEY.
IT'S A DEAL.
I'M GOING TO EAT YOU AND THEN THROW UP.

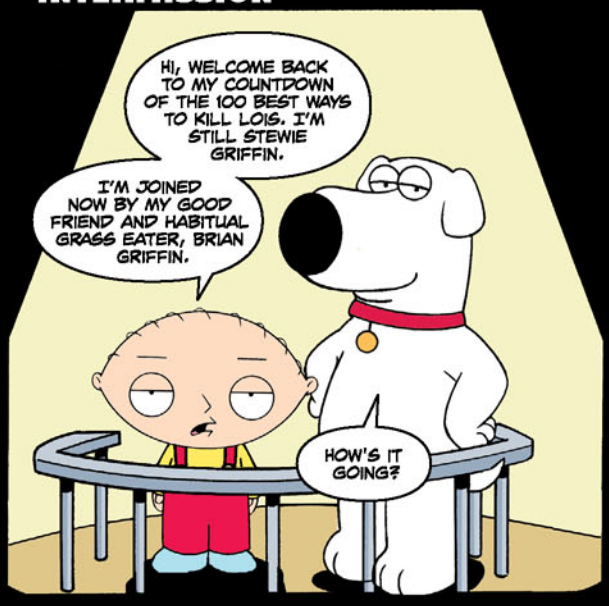
EMERGENCY ROOM
QUAHOG HOSPITAL
ALL RIGHT, GERALD. NOW THAT WE'VE TAKEN CONTROL OF YOUR MENTAL PROBLEMS, THE NEXT STEP TO TURNING YOUR LIFE AROUND IS GETTING YOU A JOB. YOU READY?
AAA!
GOOD BOY, GERALD.
GET THAT OUT OF YOUR SYSTEM, NOW...
KRAK!
OH, MAN THAT'S GONNA LEAVE A MARK.
IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A MALE NURSE, GERALD'S YOUR GUY. HE'S A REAL PEOPLE PERSON--
#%@!&!%@#
GERALD! WE DON'T SWEAR IN OUR INTERVIEW!

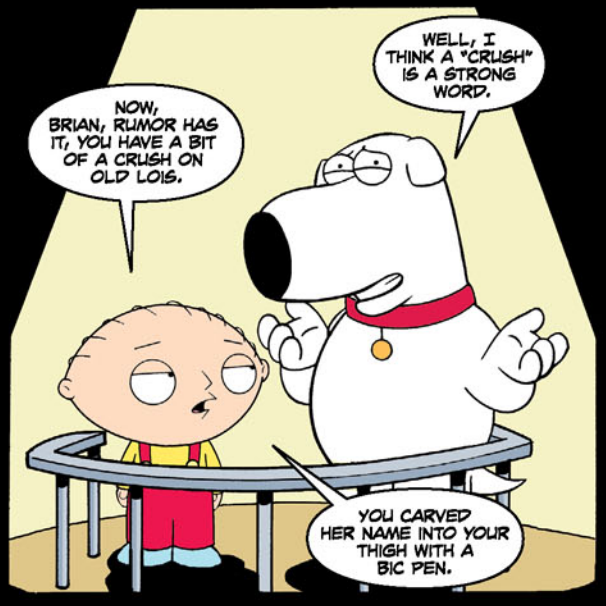

I'M TELLIN' YA, NO ONE CAN LIFT BOXES LIKE GERALD HERE--
GERALD! WE DON'T BANG OUR HEAD AGAINST THE WALL IN OUR INTERVIEW!
BANG! BANG!
Mc BURGER
...AND GERALD HAS BEEN A McBURGER CUSTOMER FOR YEARS--
AAAH!
GERALD! WE DON'T STAPLER RAPE IN OUR INTERVIEW!

The Drunken Clam
I LIKE SOUP!
WHAT THE HELL!?
AAA! MY CLAVICLE!
WHO'S YOUR FRIEND, PETER?
THIS IS GERALD. I FOUND HIM IN THE GARBAGE, AND LOIS SAID I COULD KEEP HIM.
PETER, YOUR FILTHY HOMELESS GUY IS DRINKING MY BEER.
HEH HEH. HE'S BONDING WITH YOU GUYS! ISN'T HE ADORABLE?

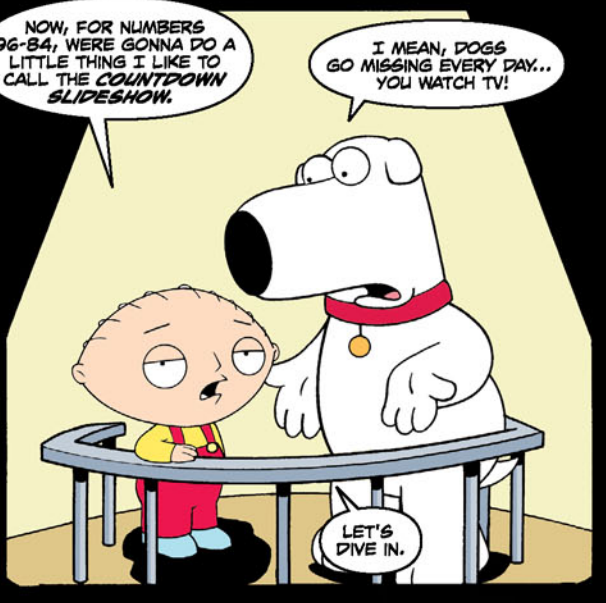
NO HE'S DISGUSTING.
I ALSO AGREE THAT HE IS DISGUSTING.
COME ON, GUYS. YOU REMEMBER WHEN I FIRST BROUGHT JOE AROUND, AND YOU WERE ALL CREEPED OUT BY HIS GIMPY LEGS AND GRATING PERSONALITY, BUT OVER TIME YOU SLOWLY LEARNED TO TOLERATE HIM, EVEN THOUGH THE MERE SIGHT OF HIM MAKES YOU WANNA VOMIT, WHICH WOULD BE A WELCOME RELIEF BECAUSE THE INTENSE, BURNING PAIN OF YOUR STOMACH ACID WOULD MOMENTARILY DISTRACT YOU FROM THE PIERCING EMOTIONAL AND PHYSICAL PAIN YOU RECEIVE SIMPLY BY BEING IN THE SAME ROOM WITH HIM?
IT'LL BE THE SAME THING WITH GERALD.
WELL, YEAH, BUT JOE BOUGHT A ROUND.
I DID BUY A ROUND, PETER.
AAAH!
DON'T KILL ME!
RELAX, CLEVELAND.
HE'S JUST SCARED 'CAUSE HE THINKS YOU'RE A SHADOW.
AAAH!
HE THINKS YOU'RE A ROBOT.

PETER, WHY ARE YOU SUBJECTING US TO THIS MAN?
AAAH!
CRASH!
BLUEBERRIES-- BLUEBERRIES-- BLUEBERRIES--
YEAH, PETER. WHAT MADE YOU THINK YOU COULD REHABILITATE HIM ON YOUR OWN?
I THOUGHT I COULD HELP HIM GET ON HIS FEET, YOU KNOW?
BUT I GUESS IT WAS A DUMB IDEA.
NO, A DUMB IDEA IS HAVING SEX WITH A GOSSIPY SHE-MALE. THIS IS JUST STUPID.
ZING.
THAT'S DISGUSTING.
LOOK AT HIM. MAYBE GERALD DOESN'T WANT TO CHANGE HIS LIFE.
I MEAN, HE SEEMS HAPPY THE WAY HE IS.
HE DOESN'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT BILLS OR RESPONSIBILITY OR CHILDHOOD OBESITY.
SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD LIFE, ACTUALLY.
YEP.
YEP.
YEP.
YOU THINK HE'LL STOP AT ONE TILE?
NOPE.
NOPE.
NOPE.

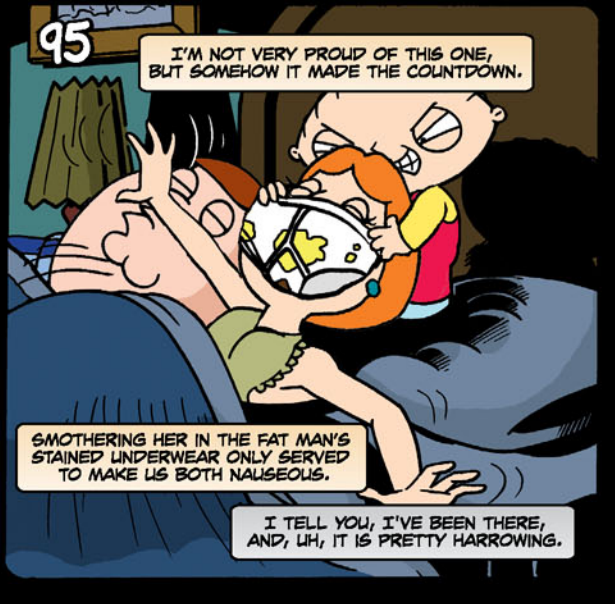

HI, WELCOME BACK TO MY COUNTDOWN OF THE 100 BEST WAYS TO KILL LOIS. I'M STILL STEWIE GRIFFIN.
I'M JOINED NOW BY MY GOOD FRIEND AND HABITUAL GRASS EATER, BRIAN GRIFFIN.
HOW'S IT GOING?

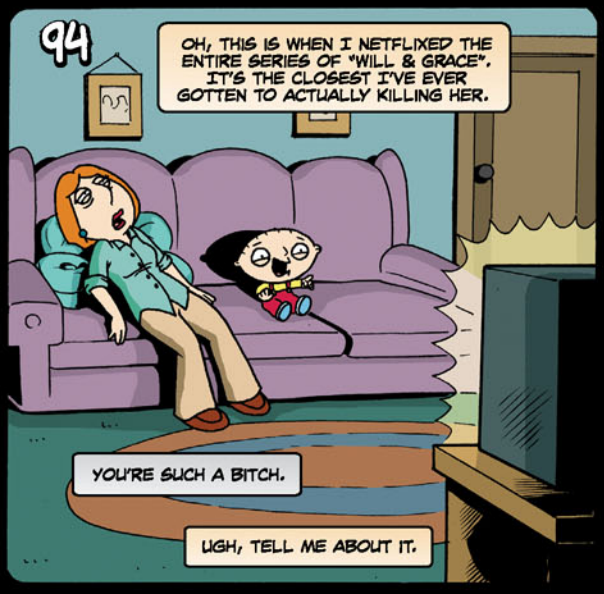

NOW, BRIAN, RUMOR HAS IT, YOU HAVE A BIT OF A CRUSH ON OLD LOIS.
WELL, I THINK A "CRUSH" IS A STRONG WORD.
YOU CARVED HER NAME INTO YOUR THIGH WITH A BIC PEN.

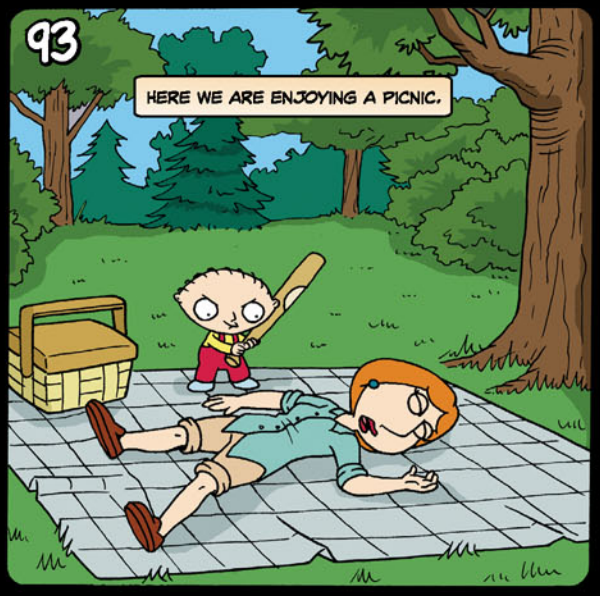
OH, NO, NO, NO, THAT, UH... THAT'S AN IDENTIFYING TAG, YOU KNOW, IN CASE I GET LOST.
HMM. BECAUSE YOU COULDN'T JUST PICK UP THE PHONE AND CALL.
WELL, WHAT IF I'M HURT, OR INJURED, OR SOMETHING.
THOSE TWO ARE THE SAME THING, BUT REGARDLESS--
IT'S FOR SAFETY, ALL RIGHT?
SURE IT IS.


NOW, FOR NUMBERS 96-84, WERE GONNA DO A LITTLE THING I LIKE TO CALL THE COUNTDOWN SLIDESHOW.
I MEAN, DOGS GO MISSING EVERY DAY... YOU WATCH TV!
LET'S DIVE IN.

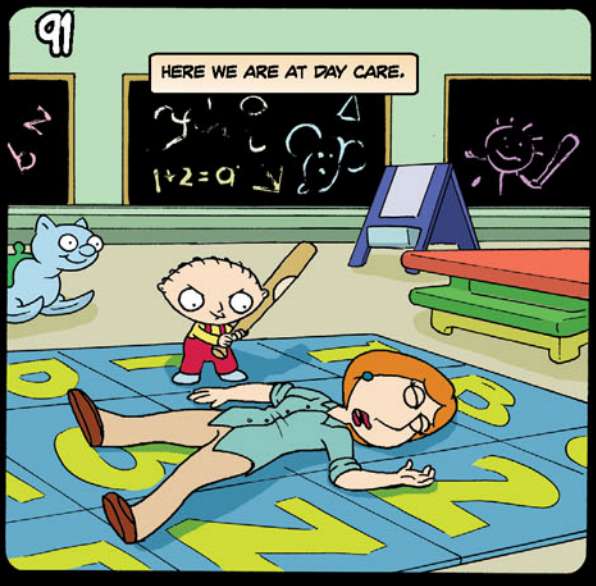
96
THIS ONE REALLY EXPLAINS ITSELF.


95
I'M NOT VERY PROUD OF THIS ONE, BUT SOMEHOW IT MADE THE COUNTDOWN.
SMOTHERING HER IN THE FAT MAN'S STAINED UNDERWEAR ONLY SERVED TO MAKE US BOTH NAUSEOUS.
I TELL YOU, I'VE BEEN THERE, AND, UH, IT IS PRETTY HARROWING.


94
OH, THIS IS WHEN I NETFLIXED THE ENTIRE SERIES OF "WILL & GRACE". IT'S THE CLOSEST I'VE EVER GOTTEN TO ACTUALLY KILLING HER.
YOU'RE SUCH A BITCH.
UGH, TELL ME ABOUT IT.

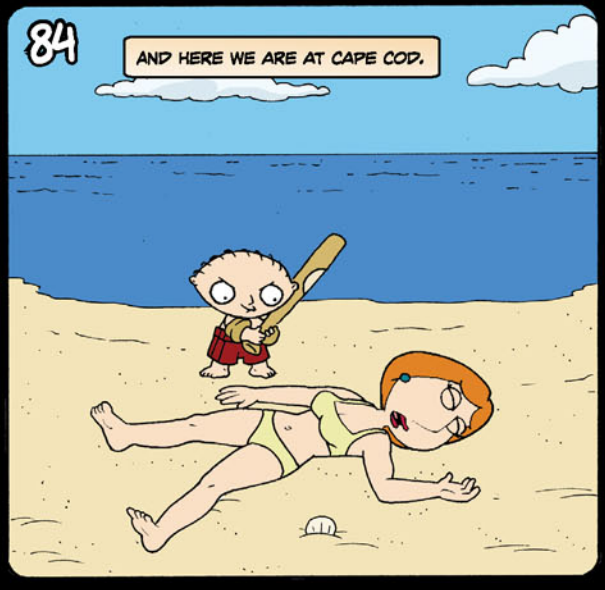

93
HERE WE ARE ENJOYING A PICNIC.

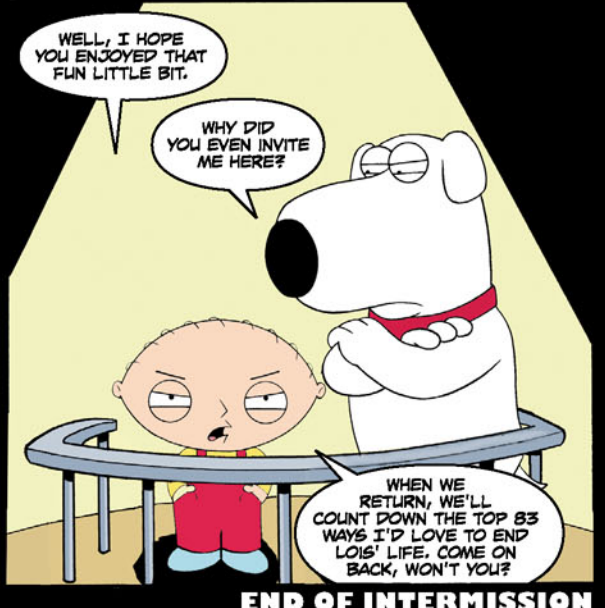
92
HERE WE ARE AT THE MALL.


91
HERE WE ARE AT DAY CARE.
1+2=9

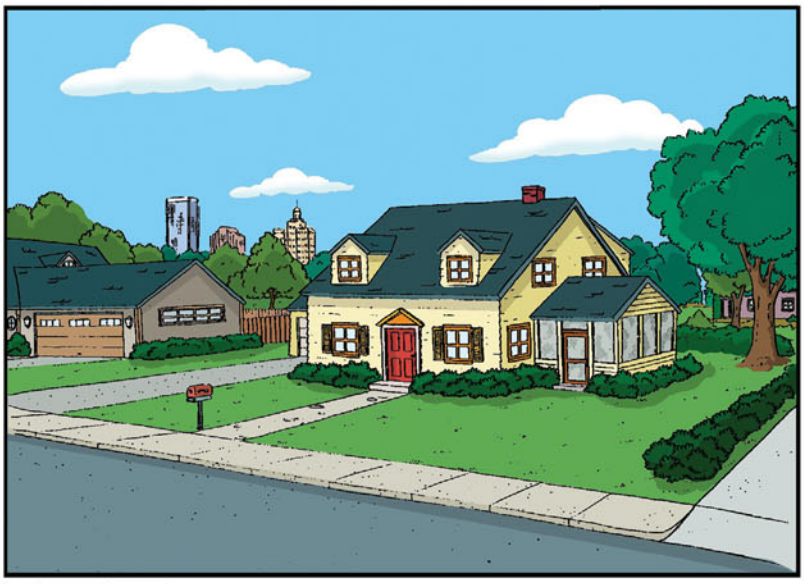
90
HERE WE ARE AT THE SUPERMARKET.
KEEP OUT
ICE
SLIM JIMZ

89
HERE WE ARE AFTER A SOX GAME.

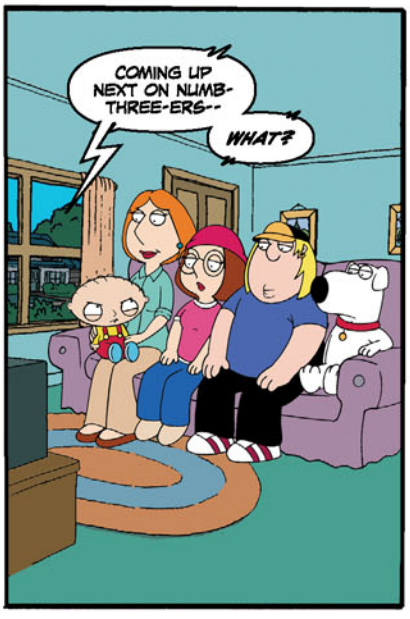


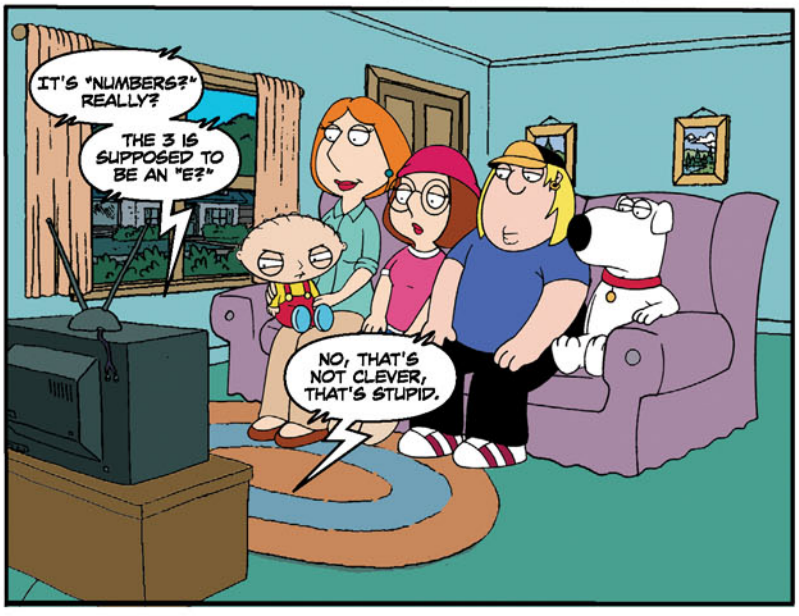

WELL, I HOPE YOU ENJOYED THAT FUN LITTLE BIT.
WHY DID YOU EVEN INVITE ME HERE?
WHEN WE RETURN, WE'LL COUNT DOWN THE TOP 83 WAYS I'D LOVE TO END LOIS' LIFE. COME ON BACK, WON'T YOU?

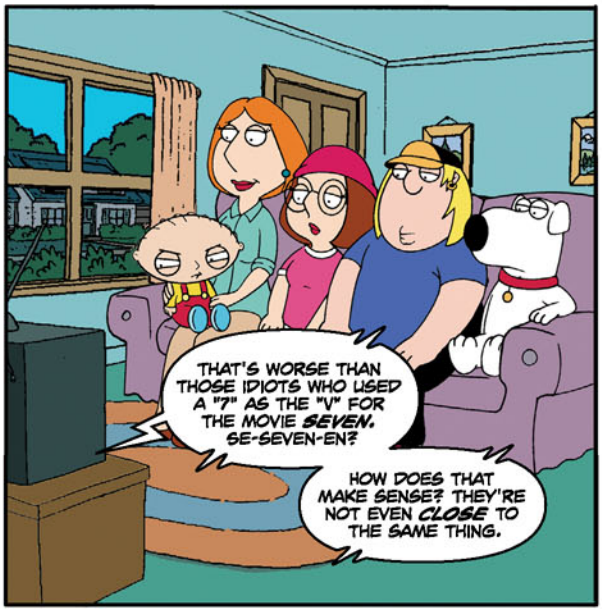
END OF INTERMISSION

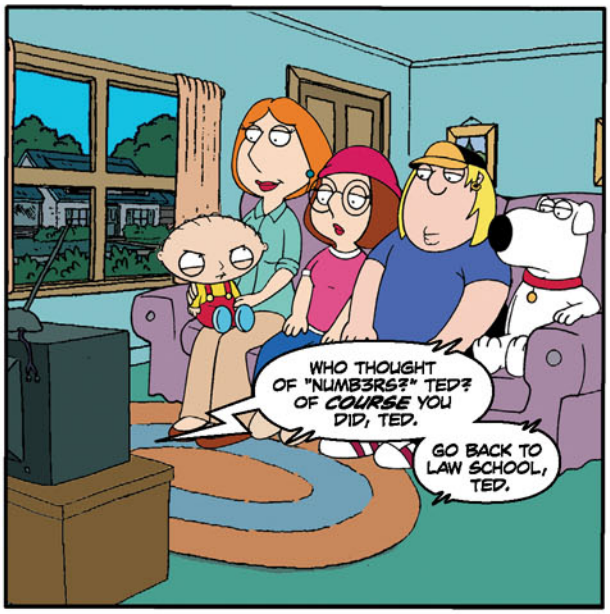


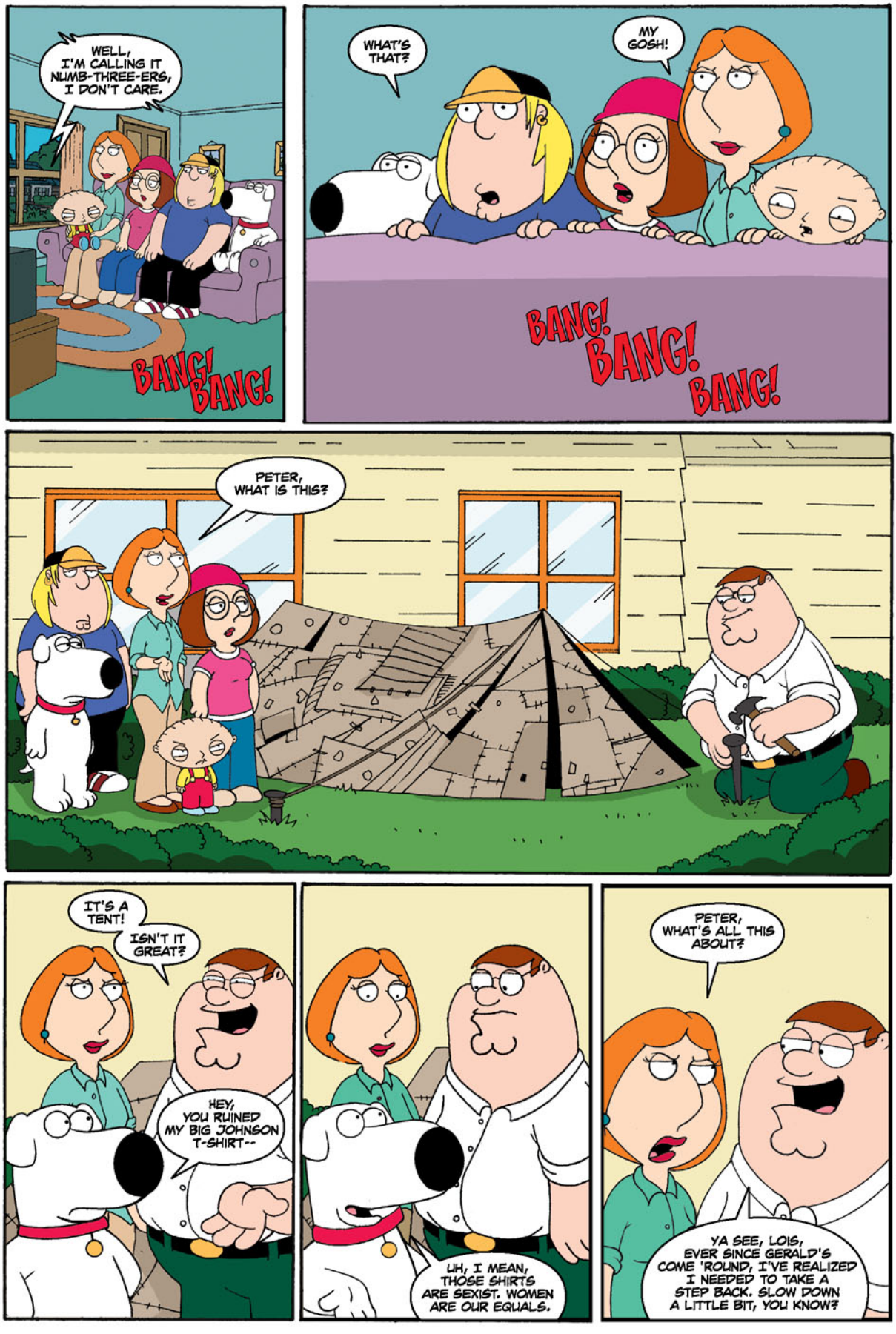
THIS HAS BEEN A PRESENTATION OF CHANNEL 5 NEWS...
QUAHOG 5 NEWS
...COVERING QUAHOG LIKE A WET BLANKET.

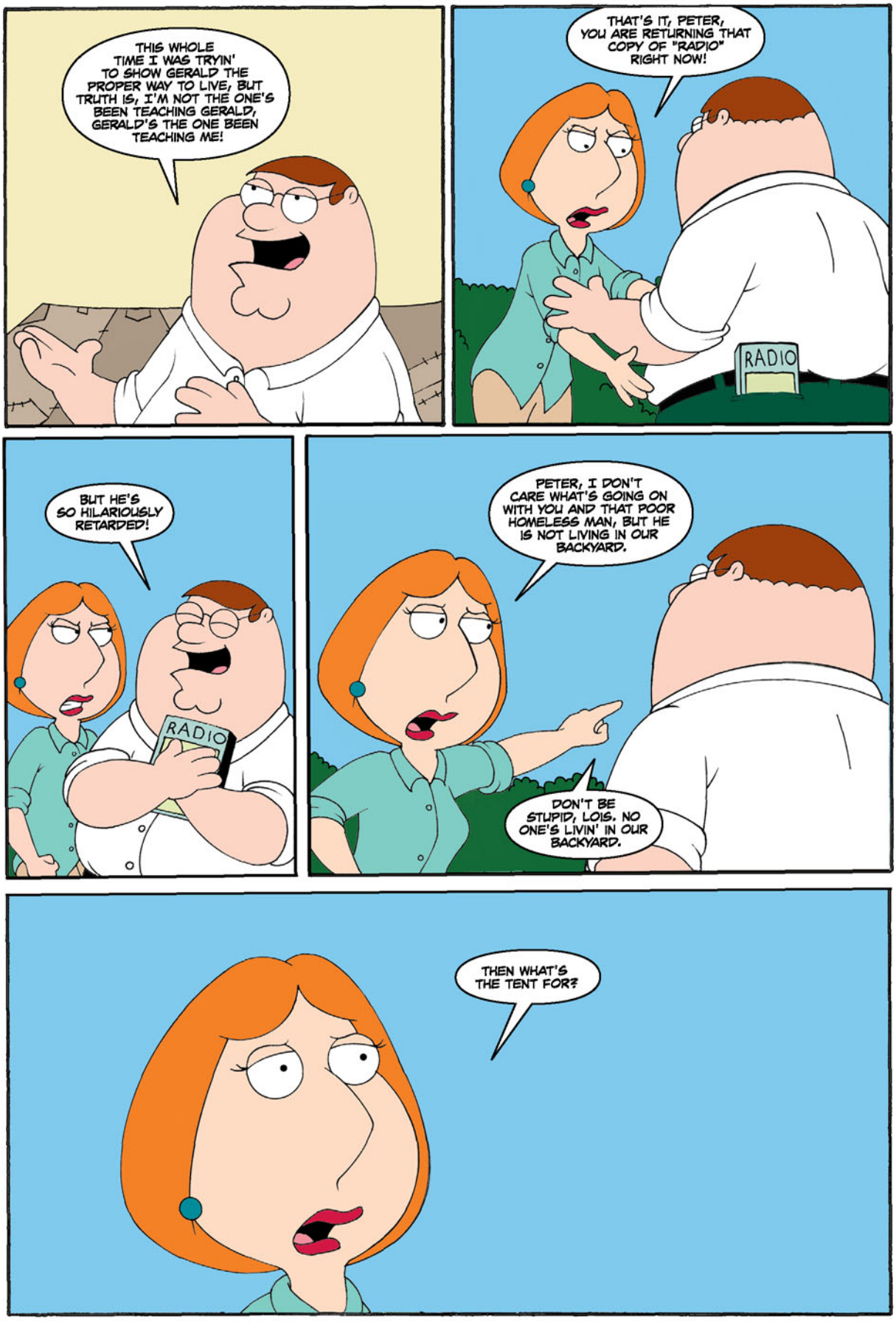

COMING UP NEXT ON NUMB-THREE-ERS--
WHAT?


IT'S "NUMBERS?" REALLY?
THE 3 IS SUPPOSED TO BE AN "E?"
NO, THAT'S NOT CLEVER, THAT'S STUPID.

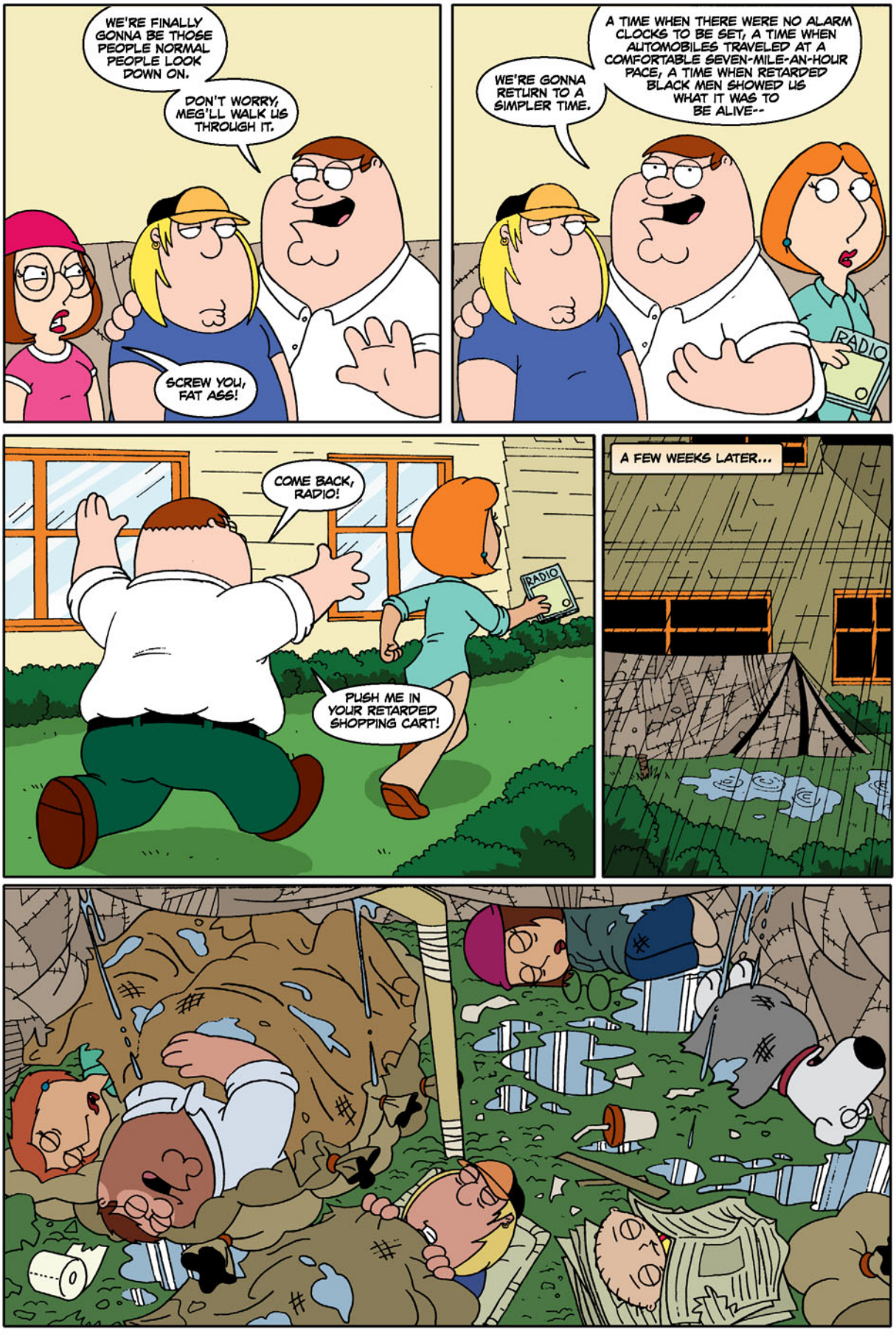

THAT'S WORSE THAN THOSE IDIOTS WHO USED A "7" AS THE "V" FOR THE MOVIE *SEVEN*. SE-SEVEN-EN?
HOW DOES THAT MAKE SENSE? THEY'RE NOT EVEN *CLOSE* TO THE SAME THING.

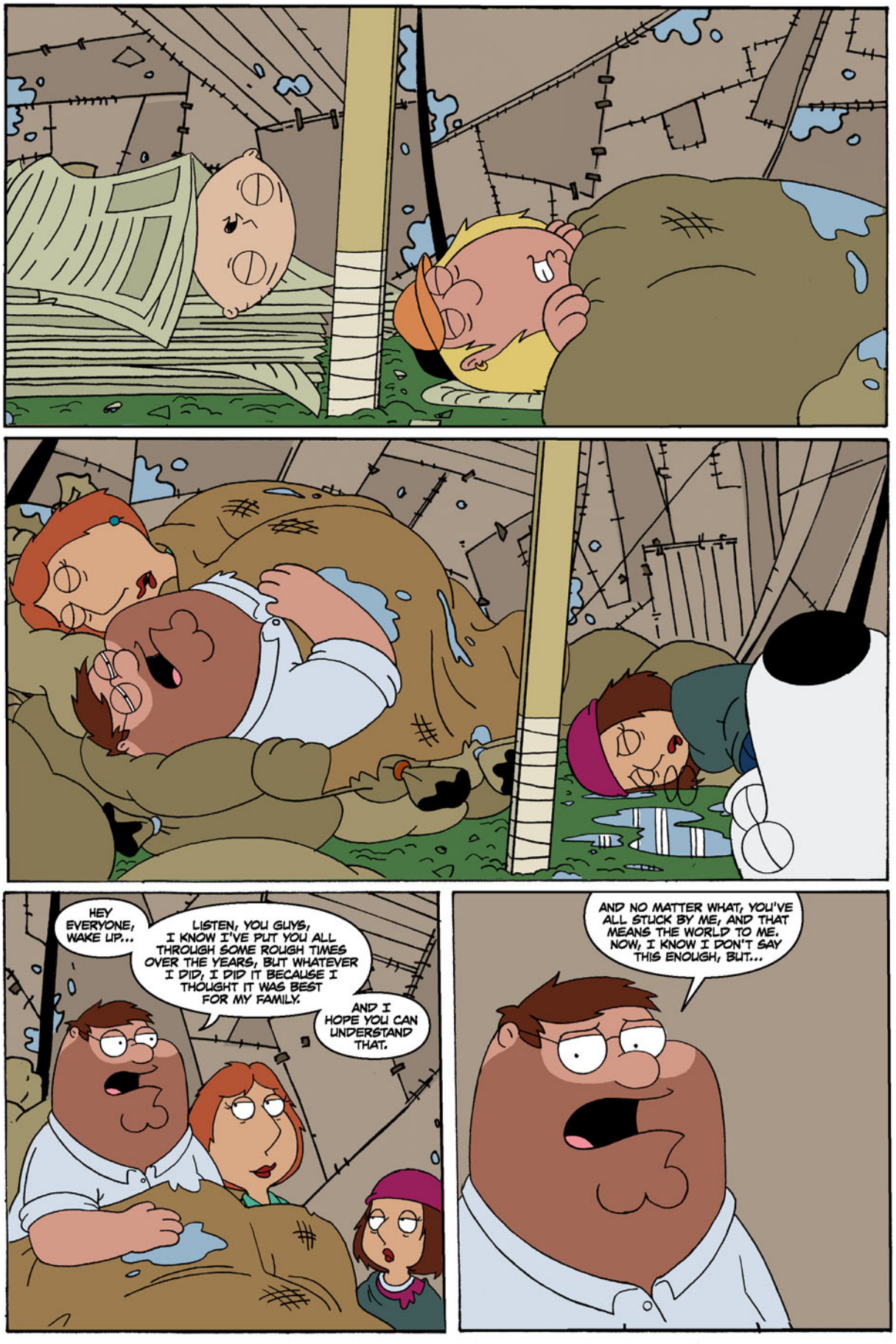

WHO THOUGHT OF "NUMB3RS?" TED? OF *COURSE* YOU DID, TED.
GO BACK TO LAW SCHOOL, TED.

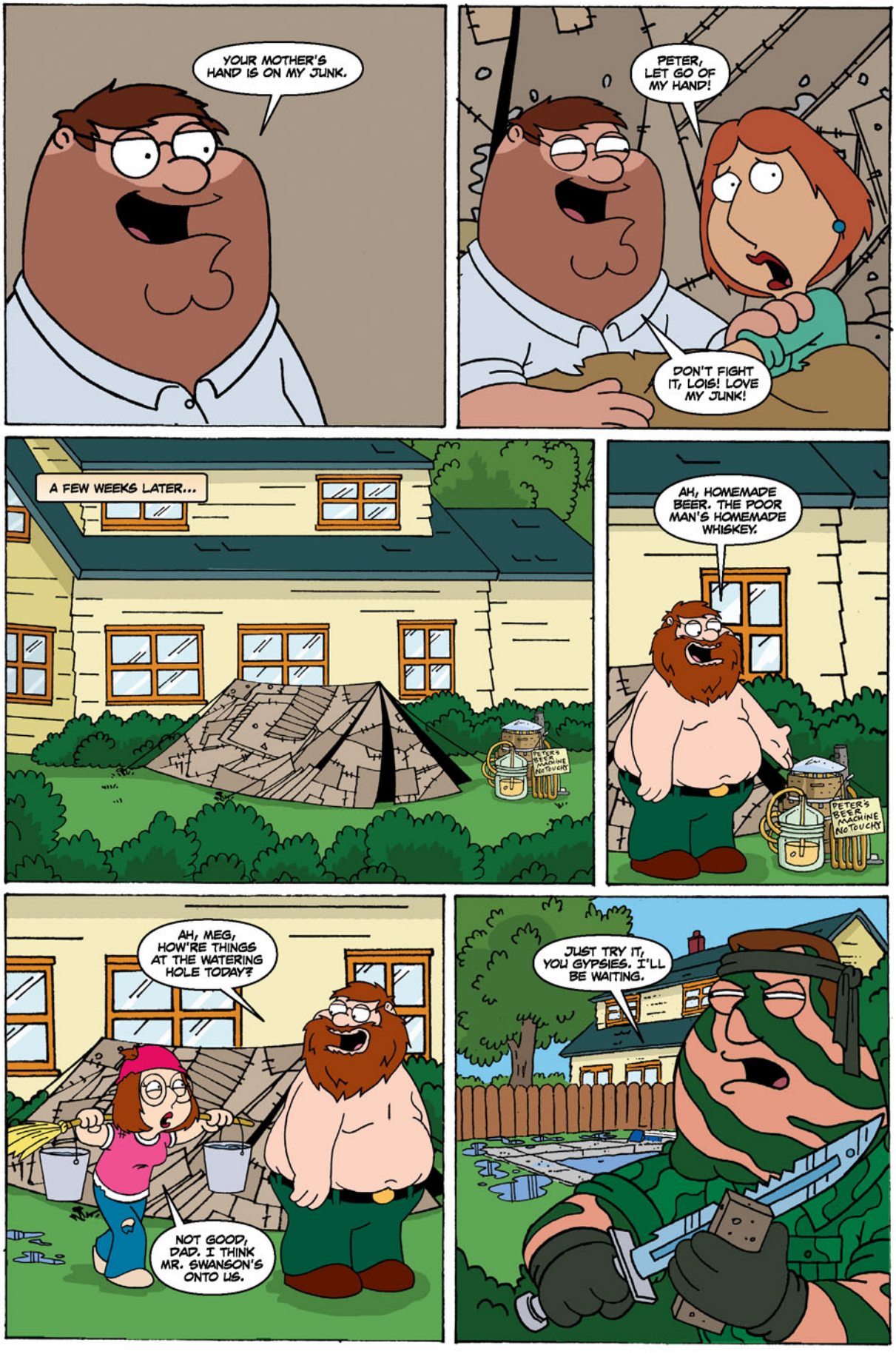

WELL, I'M CALLING IT NUMB-THREE-ERS, I DON'T CARE.
BANG! BANG!
WHAT'S THAT?
MY GOSH!
BANG! BANG! BANG!
PETER, WHAT IS THIS?
IT'S A TENT!
ISN'T IT GREAT?
HEY, YOU RUINED MY BIG JOHNSON T-SHIRT--
UH, I MEAN, THOSE SHIRTS ARE SEXIST. WOMEN ARE OUR EQUALS.
PETER, WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT?
YA SEE, LOIS, EVER SINCE GERALD'S COME 'ROUND, I'VE REALIZED I NEEDED TO TAKE A STEP BACK. SLOW DOWN A LITTLE BIT, YOU KNOW?


THIS WHOLE TIME I WAS TRYIN' TO SHOW GERALD THE PROPER WAY TO LIVE, BUT TRUTH IS, I'M NOT THE ONE'S BEEN TEACHING GERALD, GERALD'S THE ONE BEEN TEACHING ME!
THAT'S IT, PETER, YOU ARE RETURNING THAT COPY OF "RADIO" RIGHT NOW!
RADIO
BUT HE'S SO HILARIOUSLY RETARDED!
RADIO
PETER, I DON'T CARE WHAT'S GOING ON WITH YOU AND THAT POOR HOMELESS MAN, BUT HE IS NOT LIVING IN OUR BACKYARD.
DON'T BE STUPID, LOIS. NO ONE'S LIVIN' IN OUR BACKYARD.
THEN WHAT'S THE TENT FOR?

OH, THIS IS OUR NEW HOME. WE'RE GONNA BE LIVIN' HERE.
I GAVE GERALD THE HOUSE.
WHAT?!
BUT YOU JUST SAID NO ONE WAS LIVING IN THE TENT!
OH, YEAH, I JUST SAID THAT 'CAUSE I WAS SICK 'A ALL THIS.
PETER, HOW COULD YOU DO THIS?! THIS IS STUPID, EVEN FOR YOU.
I GOTTA BACK UP LOIS ON THIS ONE, PETER. THIS IS WORSE THAN THE TIME YOU SOLD STEWIE TO THAT MUSEUM.
FOOTBALL MUSEUM
BALLS OVER THE YEARS
YES, I GET IT, MY HEAD LOOKS LIKE A FOOTBALL. HA-HA.
STUPID PETER.
WHOA, THEY OUGHTA PUT THAT IN A MUSEUM.
YOU MOVE THAT CABOOSE, SISTER!
BALLS
COOL, WE GET TO LIVE IN A TENT!
CLAP! CLAP!
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SAY THIS, BUT I'M GOING TO LIVE WITH THE BLACK FAMILY.


WE'RE FINALLY GONNA BE THOSE PEOPLE NORMAL PEOPLE LOOK DOWN ON.
DON'T WORRY, MEG'LL WALK US THROUGH IT.
SCREW YOU, FAT ASS!
WE'RE GONNA RETURN TO A SIMPLER TIME.
A TIME WHEN THERE WERE NO ALARM CLOCKS TO BE SET, A TIME WHEN AUTOMOBILES TRAVELED AT A COMFORTABLE SEVEN-MILE-AN-HOUR PACE, A TIME WHEN RETARDED BLACK MEN SHOWED US WHAT IT WAS TO BE ALIVE--
RADIO
COME BACK, RADIO!
RADIO
PUSH ME IN YOUR RETARDED SHOPPING CART!
A FEW WEEKS LATER...


HEY EVERYONE, WAKE UP...
LISTEN, YOU GUYS, I KNOW I'VE PUT YOU ALL THROUGH SOME ROUGH TIMES OVER THE YEARS, BUT WHATEVER I DID, I DID IT BECAUSE I THOUGHT IT WAS BEST FOR MY FAMILY.
AND I HOPE YOU CAN UNDERSTAND THAT.
AND NO MATTER WHAT, YOU'VE ALL STUCK BY ME, AND THAT MEANS THE WORLD TO ME. NOW, I KNOW I DON'T SAY THIS ENOUGH, BUT...


YOUR MOTHER'S HAND IS ON MY JUNK.
PETER, LET GO OF MY HAND!
DON'T FIGHT IT, LOIS! LOVE MY JUNK!
A FEW WEEKS LATER...
PETER'S BEER MACHINE NO TOUCHY
AH, HOMEMADE BEER. THE POOR MAN'S HOMEMADE WHISKEY.
PETER'S BEER MACHINE NO TOUCHY
AH, MEG, HOW'RE THINGS AT THE WATERING HOLE TODAY?
NOT GOOD, DAD. I THINK MR. SWANSON'S ONTO US.
JUST TRY IT, YOU GYPSIES. I'LL BE WAITING.

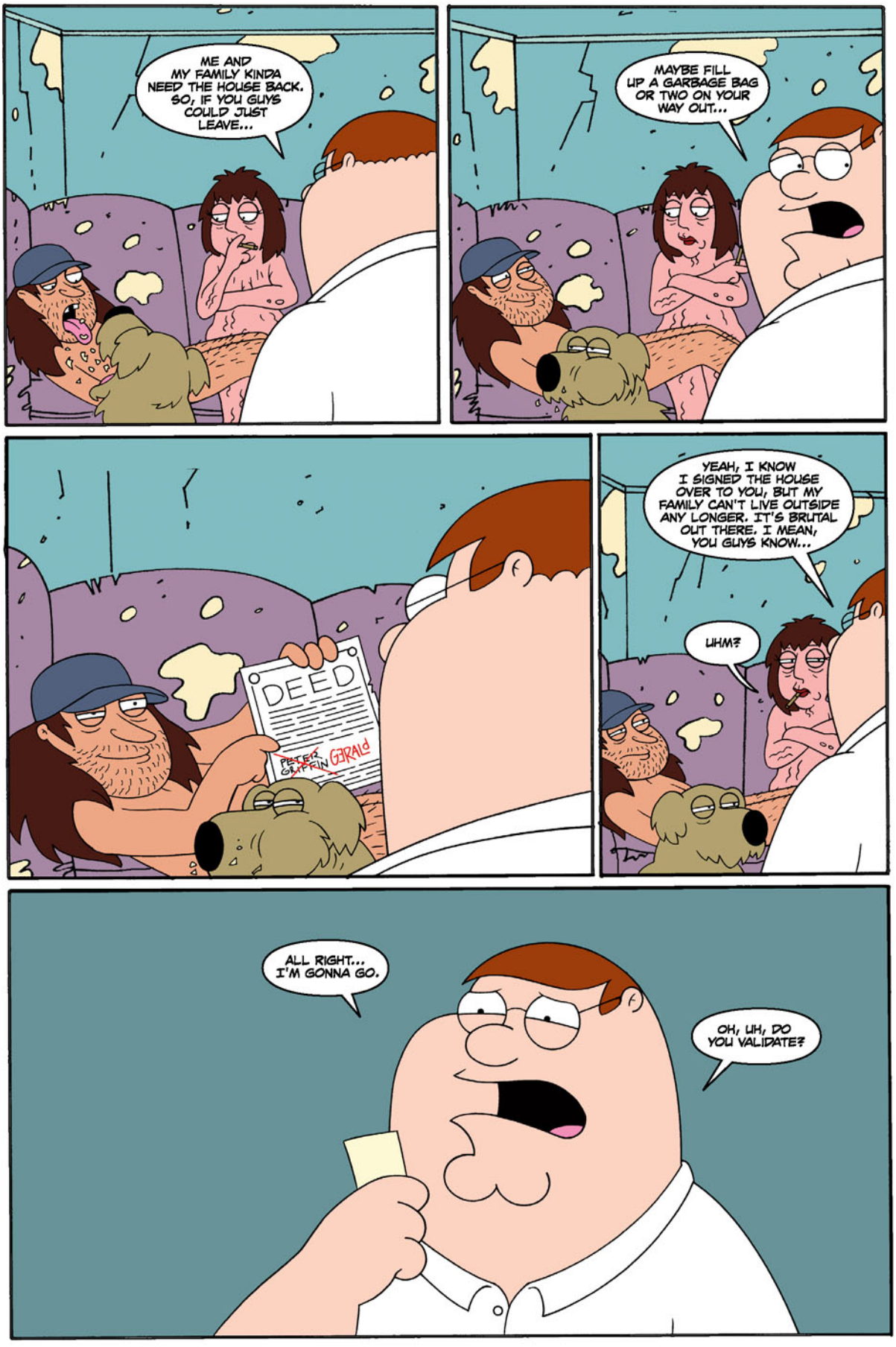
PETER, WE HAVE TO TALK. THIS WAS A TERRIBLE IDEA TO START WITH, AND IT'S JUST GETTING WORSE...
PETER, WOULD YOU QUIT LOOKIN' AT MY EYEBROWS?
I CAN'T HELP IT, LOIS. YOU'RE LIKE PETER GALLAGHER, MINUS THE HETEROSEXUAL MASCULINE CHARM.
WELL, HOMELESS PEOPLE DON'T HAVE TWEEZERS, PETER.
YEAH, BUT THEY AT LEAST TRY.
PETER, THIS NIGHTMARE HAS GONE ON LONG ENOUGH! THIS HAS TO STOP NOW.
COME ON, LOIS. WE'VE BEEN THROUGH WORSE THAN THIS.
WE NOW RETURN TO *"THE WAR AT HOME."*

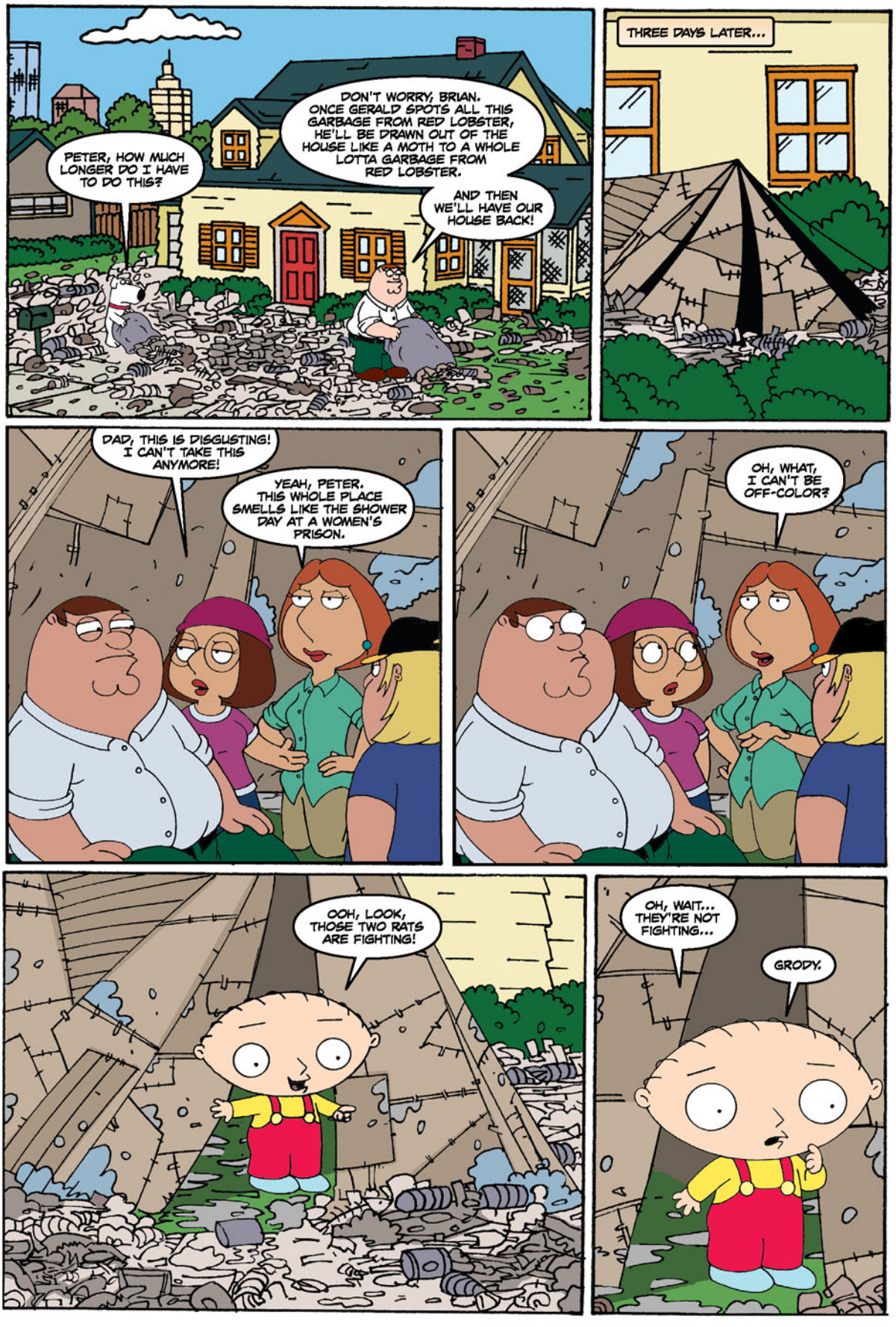
BUT WE HAVE EVERYTHING WE NEED HERE-- SHELTER...
SNAP!
THWUMP!
SNAP!
...OUR GARDEN IS PRODUCING A FINE, ROBUST CROP...
...AND THE KIDS HAVE FINALLY LEARNED SOME STREET SMARTS.
QUAHOG NATIONAL BANK
ENTER

CLANG!
CLANG!
CLANG!
GO!
GO!
GO!
HURRY IT UP, YOU GUYS!
WE'RE IN! PUNCH IT!
STOP THIEVES!
STOP OR WE'LL SHOOT!
BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!
SCREEEECH!!!
HA HA! TAKE THAT COPPERS!
YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE!

NO, LOIS, WE HAVE EVERYTHING WE NEED, RIGHT HERE. I'M STAYING IN ORANGE COUNTY.
WOW. THAT'S AN OBSCURE REFERENCE.
UH, PETER, BAD NEWS. THE BREWING MACHINE IS DOWN.
WHAT'S THAT MEAN?
IT MEANS THERE'S NO MORE BEER.
WHAT'S THAT MEAN?
IT MEANS, YOU CAN'T GET DRUNK ANYMORE.
WHAT'S THAT MEAN?
IT MEANS THAT WHEN THE ALCOHOL IN YOUR SYSTEM IS PROCESSED, THERE WILL BE NO MORE TO FOLLOW IT, SO YOU'LL SOBER UP, AND REALIZE THE SITUATION YOU'RE IN.
ALL RIGHT, THE HOBO GOES.

KNOK
KNOK
KNOK
OH, GOD... UH, HI, THERE... MISS. UM, IS GERALD AROUND?
OH, GOD, THE BACK IS WORSE.
OH, WOW...
UH, HEY, THERE, MRS. KING. IT'S ME, SCARECROW.
LISTEN, UH, I HOPE YOU AND YOUR LADY FRIEND HAVE HAD A NICE STAY, BUT, UH...


ME AND MY FAMILY KINDA NEED THE HOUSE BACK. SO, IF YOU GUYS COULD JUST LEAVE...
MAYBE FILL UP A GARBAGE BAG OR TWO ON YOUR WAY OUT...
DEED
PETER GRIFFIN GERALD
YEAH, I KNOW I SIGNED THE HOUSE OVER TO YOU, BUT MY FAMILY CAN'T LIVE OUTSIDE ANY LONGER. IT'S BRUTAL OUT THERE. I MEAN, YOU GUYS KNOW...
UHM?
ALL RIGHT... I'M GONNA GO.
OH, UH, DO YOU VALIDATE?


PETER, HOW MUCH LONGER DO I HAVE TO DO THIS?
DON'T WORRY, BRIAN. ONCE GERALD SPOTS ALL THIS GARBAGE FROM RED LOBSTER, HE'LL BE DRAWN OUT OF THE HOUSE LIKE A MOTH TO A WHOLE LOTTA GARBAGE FROM RED LOBSTER.
AND THEN WE'LL HAVE OUR HOUSE BACK!
THREE DAYS LATER...
DAD, THIS IS DISGUSTING! I CAN'T TAKE THIS ANYMORE!
YEAH, PETER. THIS WHOLE PLACE SMELLS LIKE THE SHOWER DAY AT A WOMEN'S PRISON.
OH, WHAT, I CAN'T BE OFF-COLOR?
OOH, LOOK, THOSE TWO RATS ARE FIGHTING!
OH, WAIT... THEY'RE NOT FIGHTING...
GRODY.

UH, PETER, WHY ARE YOU DRESSED LIKE THAT?
BECAUSE, BRIAN, HOMELESS PEOPLE ARE SCARED OF SANTA CLAUS.
UH, NO THEY'RE NOT, PETER.
REALLY? HUH. MAYBE I'M THINKIN' OF THE CHINESE.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING OF.
HEY, BRIAN?
YEAH, PETER.
REMEMBER THAT SQUIRREL WE HAD IN THE CHIMNEY?
IT'S IN YOUR ANUS, ISN'T IT?
YEP.

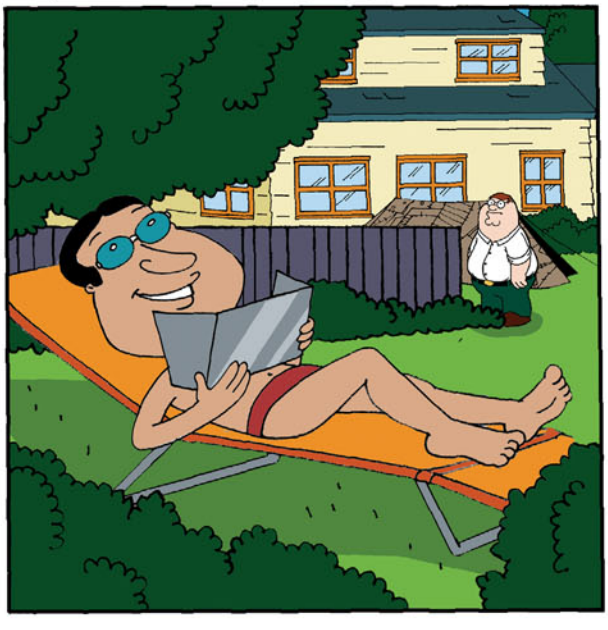
PETER, HOW IS INVITING MORE HOMELESS PEOPLE GONNA GET RID OF THE TWO WE HAVE?
BECAUSE, BRIAN. I'M GONNA CALL THE COPS ON THIS ROWDY HOUSE PARTY, AND THEY'LL COME AND HAUL 'EM ALL AWAY.
HUH, THAT'S ACTUALLY NOT A BAD PLAN!
TWO MINUTES LATER...
WELL, WELL. A ROWDY HOUSE PARTY.
LOOKS LIKE WE GOT A LITTLE PROBLEM HERE.

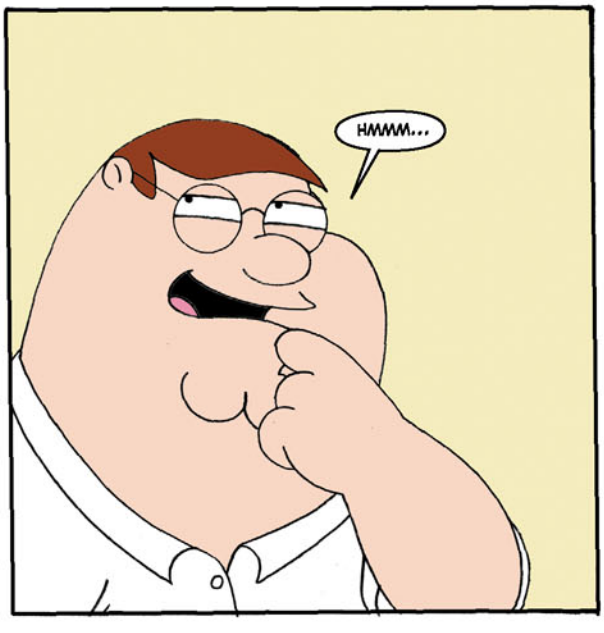
THERE'S NO KEG!

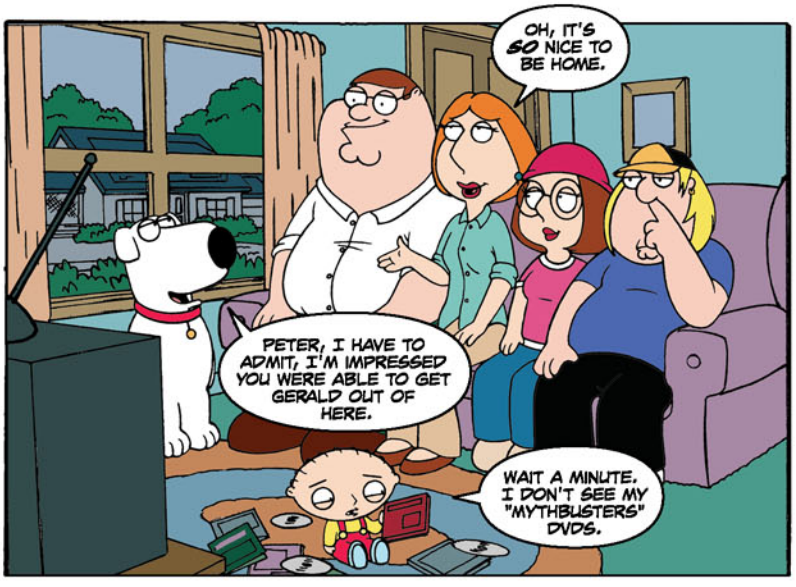
WHAT THE HELL ARE THEY DOING?
OH, HERE'S THE PROBLEM. I DIALED 9/2.

912? THEN WHY DID THE POLICE SHOW UP?
THEY'RE NOT THE REAL POLICE. THEY'RE THE POLICE FROM A CHEESY 80s MOVIE.
OH.
YEAH, THEY'LL BE DANCIN' ALL NIGHT.

THE NEXT DAY...
LISTEN, YOU GUYS, I'M REAL SORRY I GOT YOU INTO THIS. BUT I PROMISE I WILL FIND A WAY TO GET GERALD OUT. AND GET OUR HOME BACK.
LET ME TAKE A RUN AT THIS GUY. I CAN BREAK 'IM.



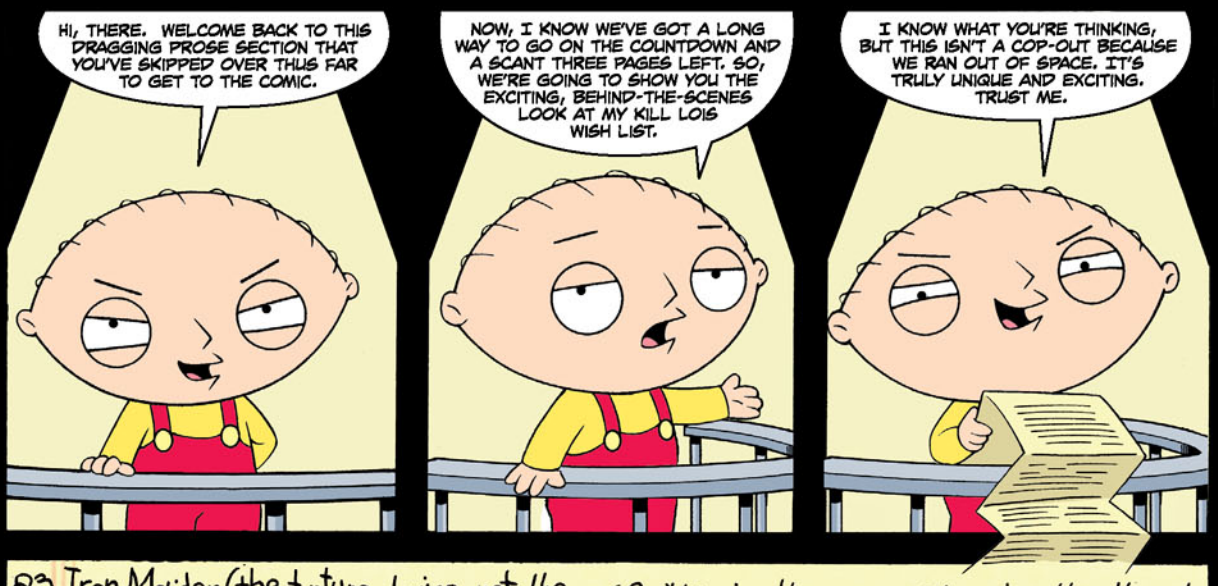

HMMM...


OH, IT'S SO NICE TO BE HOME.
PETER, I HAVE TO ADMIT, I'M IMPRESSED YOU WERE ABLE TO GET GERALD OUT OF HERE.
WAIT A MINUTE. I DON'T SEE MY "MYTHBUSTERS" DVDS.

DAMN HOBOS... THOSE WERE A GIFT!

YEAH, DAD, HOW'D YOU DO IT?
IT WAS EASY. I JUST FOUND A SOLUTION THAT MET BOTH OUR NEEDS.

HEY, WHAT DO YOU GUYS THINK ABOUT GIVING BRETT BUTLER A CALL?
THE END


HI, THERE. WELCOME BACK TO THIS DRAGGING PROSE SECTION THAT YOU'VE SKIPPED OVER THUS FAR TO GET TO THE COMIC.
NOW, I KNOW WE'VE GOT A LONG WAY TO GO ON THE COUNTDOWN AND A SCANT THREE PAGES LEFT. SO, WE'RE GOING TO SHOW YOU THE EXCITING, BEHIND-THE-SCENES LOOK AT MY KILL LOIS WISH LIST.
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING, BUT THIS ISN'T A COP-OUT BECAUSE WE RAN OUT OF SPACE. IT'S TRULY UNIQUE AND EXCITING. TRUST ME.

83. Iron Maiden (the torture device, not the kick-ass metal band!)
82. Really big Bee
81. Painful earwig (like in Star Trek)
80. "Tragic" baboon eating at Quahog African Safari
79. Drunken Royal
78. Stabbed in the eye with one of those cool sword drink stirrers
77. Tied in a sack and thrown off a bridge, like Kramer
76. Hand grenade in her cereal
75. Dance on her chest with rusty golf Spikes
74. out of control sleigh ride
73. slam her fat head in the fridge
72. Bleed her out like a deer
71. Hunt her like in "Surviving the Game"
70. Paint her brown and drop her in the Suburbs
69. Pissed-off android
68. Get her addicted to Crack
67. Shiv in the kidney
66. Lawn mower
65. Aggressive liposuction
64. the ol' Reginald Denny
63. Bear in her Purse
62. Ninja throwing Star to the throat
61. Flame thrower
60. Put in my Vampire teeth and bite her throat (a little icky)
59. Mercury poisoning -- by Tuna! Ha! Take that, Polluters!
58. Death by Evil Genie
57. Mummify with Brawny Paper towels - they're Strong!
56. Feed her razors
55. Giant anaconda
54. Enlist her in the Marines
53. Make her star in a movie opposite Martin Lawrence
52. Rake to the head
51. Playground accident
50. Drown in chicken noodle Soup
49. Drive by
48. Bird flu
47. Vat of Nickelodean Slime
46. Wood chipper
45. Grind up and serve to poor Thai Children
44. Bowling accident
43. Dutch Oven
42. The other kind of Dutch Oven

41. Eject her from really, really fast car
40. Tie her to train tracks
39. Axe to the throat
38. A thresher
37. Garlak Pit -- My favorite
36. Trampled by herd of gnu.
35. Turned into an iced mocha
34. Bed of nails
33. Make her into a nice Vegetable Stew
32. Go "Shining" on her
31. Natural gas explosion
30. Drain-O smoothie
29. The Noid
28. Bush in '08
27. That weird bug that crawls into your pee stream
26. Defenestration
25. Suffocation
24. Burned at the Stake
23. Dress her as Dutch Immigration Minister Rita Verdonk and ship her to Tehran.
22. Get her head stuck in an Elephant's ass
21. Hot beef injection -- literally
20. Gnarly car crash
19. Any form of erotic asphyxiation
18. Declare her a witch and toss her off a cliff
17. Eaten by angry pigs
16. Shark tank
15. "Dr. 90210" marathon
14. Get her within a hundred yards of Dick Cheney
13. Stuff her into garbage disposal
12. Starvation
11. Replace birth control with flesh-eating virus
10. Bull fight
9. Lock her in a room and put a block of ice in the window to keep it open and then shoot her from a building across the way, and then when the cops show up, they see there's no way anyone could have gotten in and the only clue they have is the puddle of water by the window, like in that cool brain teaser.
8. Take Oprah off the air - Ha! Take that, you lazy skank!
7. Make her wait another year for "Sopranos"
6. Dunk her in pod of acid, like the Joker
5. Guillotine
4. Make her fall for the "wrong kind of boy" who'll get her into trouble
3. Stick an eel in her bottom
2. Drown her in one of those ponds of cow feces

And finally...

1. Sit tight and wait for the impending Nuclear Holocaust

ON BEHALF OF MYSELF, AND EVERYONE HERE AT FOX AND DEVIL'S DUE PUBLISHING, THANK YOU FOR JOINING ME FOR THIS COUNTDOWN OF WHAT IS MY LIFELONG DREAM OF MAKING MY MOTHER DIE AN AWFUL, PAINFUL DEATH.

THIS HAS BEEN A
20TH CENTURY FOX
& DEVIL'S DUE PUBLISHING
PRESENTATION OF
100 WAYS TO
KILL LOIS
WAIT!
HOSTED BY
STEWIE GRIFFIN
I MADE IT!
I'M HERE!
I'M READY TO DO MY BOOK, MIKE.
OH, UH, MEG... HONEY... YEAH, THERE MUST HAVE BEEN SOME MIX-UP.
YOU'RE NOT IN THIS BOOK. YOUR BOOK IS THE, UH... THE NEXT ONE. YEAH...
OH, GOOD! 'CAUSE I GOT A LOT TO SAY.
I'M SURE YOU DO, SWEETIE. AND EVERYONE OUT THERE IS DYING TO HEAR EVERY SINGLE WORD OF IT.
JUST LIKE YOU SAID.
JUST LIKE I SAID. UH-HUH.
SO, WHY DON'T YOU GO INTO YOUR ROOM AND PREPARE FOR YOUR BOOK. DON'T COME OUT UNTIL YOU'VE GOT IT ALL PERFECT.
ALL RIGHT. THANKS, MIKE!
GOODBYE, SWEETIE.
I THOUGHT WE WERE HAVING HER KILLED.
SETH WOULDN'T LET ME.
DAMMIT.
I KNOW.
YOU WANT TO GRAB AN ICED MOCHA?
NO, I'M WATCHING MY WEIGHT.
RIGHT.
THE END